Melancholicks.

A COMEDY.

The Cinema

OR, THE

Melancholicks.

A COMEDY

As it was Acted at the

DUKES THEATER.

Equanimitas
Poetæ ad scribendum augeat industriam.
Terent.

LONDON,

Printed for *Simon Neal*, at the *Three Pigeons*
in Covent-Garden 1682.

Dramatis Personæ.

Timothy Turbulent, One that hates all sorts of Government and Governours, and is always railing against the Times, Guardian to his Neece Mrs. *Well-bred*.	Represented by Mr. *Underhil*.
Furnish, Nephew to Mr. *Turbulent*, a swaggering, debauched Person, who has nothing, lives by his Wits, yet furnishes others with Money and Goods.	Mr. *Fevon*.
Hangby, A Creature of *Furnish*'s, and a Cheat.	Mr. *Gillow*.
Grin Sneak, A great Projector, and a Fop.	Mr. *Norris*.
Finical Cringe, A Balderdash Poet, and an Apish Citizen, makes love to Mrs. *Well-bred*.	Mr. *Nokes*.
Rabsheka Sly, A Creature of Mr. *Turbulent*'s, and one of his private Cabal, a private Sinner, and Railer against the Times.	Mr. *Bowman*.
Abednego Suck-Thumb, Another Creature of *Turbulent*'s, a Melancholly Visioner.	Mr. *Anthony Leigh*.
Mr. *Fairlove*, A Gentleman of Sense and Understanding, in love with Mrs. *Lucy*.	Mr. *Williams*.
Friendly, Of his acquaintance, averse to Marriage.	Mr. *Wiltsher*.
Dr. *Quibus*, A *French* Doctor, that gives Physick to *Turbulent*.	Mr. *Peircival*.
Pollux, *Turbulent*'s Man.	Mr. *Richards*.

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Turbulent.*——	Mrs. *Norris.*
Lady *Medler*, A very buſie, Match-making Lady, and pretender to get Pattents for *Sneak.*	Mrs. *Currer.*
Lucia Well-bred, Neece to Mr. *Turbulent*, in Love with *Fairlove.*	Lady *Slingsby.*
Priſcilla, *Turbulent*'s Daughter, A *Quaker*, yet deſirous to be thought Learned.	Mrs. *Price.*
Mrs. *Sly*, Wife to *Rabſheka.*	Mrs. *Osborn.*

Mad-Men and Women, Conſtables, Drawers, Fidlers——

The Scene MOOR-FIELDS.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoke by the Lady SLINGSBY.

HOW cruelly do Poets rack their Brains!
For ſmall Applauſe, and little or no gains;
Courting your ſick and ſqueamiſh Appetite,
Still with freſh pleaſure, and a new delight.
They ſtrive to pleaſe you, with no little pain,
And try to humor you in every ſtrain,
From the high Rant, of Thundring, Rhimeing Verſe,
To mimic Baudy Droll, and humble Farce.
Lovers from every place, of every Age,
Their Tragic Muſe have brought upon the Stage,
Whilſt Comick Satyr ſtrove to repreſent
All ſorts of Fools, to give you all content.
Poets have robb'd the Earth, Heav'n, Air and Seas
Of Objects, trying every way to pleaſe,
With Songs, with Dances, and with painted Scenes,
With Drums, with Trumpets, and with fine Machines,
They've ſhewn you Angels, Spirits, Devils too,
Hoping to find ſome way to pleaſure you
With ſomething that was very rare and new:
All this for you have drudging Poets done,
Loſing the dear-bought Fame they once had won.

PROLOGUE.

You come not now ſharp ſet, pleas'd with each bit
Of Tragic Senſe, and ſeaſon'd Comic Wit;
But now you come with Stomachs, as if full,
Taſt nothing, but cry out, the Poets dull.
Not much unlike to an ill-natur'd Gueſt,
Who having fill'd his Belly, blames the Feaſt.
When you'll ſcarce come to a noted Poets Treat,
Or when you do, will hardly like the Meat,
Our Poet fears, cloy'd withſuch various Feaſts,
He ſhan't find any thing to pleaſe our Gueſts:
That nothing with pall'd Appetites will down,
Unleſs he brings ſome Fruit you have not known.
Poets have been ſo laviſh and ſo kind,
New Characters are very hard to find,
And all the Fools, Court, City, Country yield,
Already have been muſter'd in this Field:
But he at laſt did on ſome Mad-Men light,
With whom he'll entertain you here to Night;
Hoping that his *Fanatic Melancollicks*
Will make you laugh, at their unuſual Frolicks:
What e're the Title in the Bill may ſay,
He thinks 'twill prove no *Melancholick* Play.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. TURBULENT.

SEE Gentlemen, I now am Sober grown,
And all Fanatic Turbulence disown:
I who did Rail, and roar against the Times,
And still was raking in the Kingdoms Crimes,
Who meddled with all matters, and made known
All Faults, but never told, nor saw my own,
In silence now, Crimes, Follies, Madness too,
Can see, and laugh, and snear like some of you.
Bethlem's a Blessed Hospital, and fit
T' effect the Cure of each crack'd Brain and Wit,
And may deserve a Song, as well I trow,
As th' Monument, or Weather-cock of Bow:
Thither let all Fanatics of this Age,
Who trouble both the Church, the State and Stage
Be sent; Spare dyet, whipping, letting Bloud
Is far more proper, and may do more good:
T' all who run mad in Coffe-house and Ale-house,
Than either Newgate, Pillory or Gallows.
Send thither every Lay and Frantick Widgeon,
Who coble, botch, patch, and translate Religion;
Who leave their Awles, their Needles, Hammers, Shears,
To meddle with, and prate of State Affairs:

Who

EPILOGUE.

Who cry down Vice, yet love a private Whore,
These, and alas! to name, too many more,
Want Doctor Quibus *Pill of* Hellebore.

You Critticks too, who damn our Poets so,
Pray do not think that you shall Scot-Free *go;*
For all you half-brain'd Wits, who never fail,
Against both Poets, and their Plays to rail,
Who still find fault, tho oft told of it here,
Like our mad Aristotle *and* Scalliger,
In Bethlem *'mong the rest ought to appear.*
I'll say no more, lest I should tedious grow,
But only make one Prayer e're I go.
With this New Play, may you all pleas'd be
May we all live in peace, and all agree,
And may all Turbulents *find Cure like Me.*

SCENE. I.

MOORFIELDS.

ACT I.

Enter Pollux *alone, telling ſome Braſs Farthings out of one hand into the other.*

Pol. ONE, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, with theſe Eight Farthings muſt I purchaſe Six ſeveral ſorts of Commodities: Very good—— what a pretty Office I have? 'tis the chief of my work to trot about theſe Errands all day long, for a covetous, ſtingy, griping old Devil my Maſter, who feeds me with Leek Porredg and Cow-Heels, whilſt he fills his own Guts with cramb'd Chickens, Turky-Eggs, and white Broaths, till he lays it up again—— Odsnigs I have loſt one of my Braſs Guinies—— [*kneels as to look his farthing.*

Enter Mr. Fairelove.

Fair. Why how now *Pol?* what art thou poaking for i'the dirt?

Pol. O Mr. *Fair-love*, I am undone, I have loſt the Eighth Part of my Purchaſe-Money, I was going to lay out for my Miſtreſs.

Fair. Come give it o're, here, I'll make it up for thee, what haſt loſt?

Pol. Nay, not much, but a Farthing: it is but eating our Cow-heel without Muſtard to day.

Fair. Here *Pol*—— here's a Shilling for thee.

Pol. Thank you Sir, if I could but loſe money thus every day, and gain by the loſs, I ſhould grow rich, like thoſe who loſe a Hundred Pound by a Fire, procure a charitable Brief, with one more, and get Six Hundred Pounds by it.

Fair. Well *Pol*, I ſee you know the World, but prethe let Mrs. *Lucy* know that I am in this Walk, and would willingly kiſs her hand; you know *Pollux* I dare not be ſeen in Mr. *Turbulent*'s Houſe, and Mrs. *Lucy* has deſired me to forbear coming thither her ſelf.

Pol. I know it Sir, very well: I ſhall give her notice of your being here inſtantly; but ſhe is ſo buſy, I believe ſhe cannot ſteal forth at this time.

Fair. Why *Pol?* what's the matter?

Pol. O Sir, My Maſter has taken Phyſick to day--- a kind of grumbling came over his Maw, which I doubt was a Surfeit got by eating of Raſhers of Bacon and poatch'd Eggs th'other day, with his Nephew *Furniſh*: but Doctor *Quibus*, the gibberiſh——— ſputtering *French* Doctor, tells him it is Melancholy, and that he muſt purge it away.

Fair. And what is all this to Mrs. *Lucy?* Methinks now he is ty'd to his Cloſe-ſtool, ſhe may the better leave the Houſe.

Pol. I tell you Sir, the whole Family is employed, and all too little, to wait on him: He is turbulent to purpoſe, for a little yellow Powder the Doctor gave him, which he called *Enemetic*, has ſo claw'd him off, that there is the Devil and all to do with him. I ſhall be Hang'd for ſtaying.

Fair. But however, I don't ſee, but that Mrs. *Lucy* may get forth for all this.

Pol. Nay, You won't hear me, my Miſtreſs holds his head whilſt he diſcharges; my young Miſtreſs *Priſcilla* holds the Baſon to catch the Stream forſooth, and your fair Miſtreſs *Lucy* warms the Napkins to rub the Sweat off from his Countenance.

Fair. A good employment—— Well *Pol*, however do you but whiſper her that I am here, and leave the reſt to her tender diſcretion.

Pol. Sir, your Servant—— I will not fail to tread on her Toe, and lay my Lips to her Ear immediately. [*Exit.*

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Frank Fairelove—— What the Devil do you do here? Is it to ſnuff the Air of *Bun-fields?* or have you a City Intrigue, to meet ſome Shop-keepers Wife?

Fair. I may as well ask you, what you do here? you belong to the other end of the Town as well as I.

Friend. Why, it lay in my way, and I was paſſing the Fields, as a man does a Ford in a River, as ſuddenly as I can, I long to be out of them, they ſtink of City-Dog-houſe. But you I ſee are taking your ſerious turns here, as if it were for Recreation or Meditation, or that you took more delight in *Moor-Fields* than in the Train-ſwept-*Malt*, or glorious *Hide-Park*.

Fair. Why, *Will. Friendly*, do you ſpeak againſt a place that you know not? you are much miſtaken in ſuppoſing here is no Recreation.

Friend. Yes, here are Recreations indeed, to ſee the Wenches dry their Cloaths, and the Boys play at Graſs-Cat, the Archers in *Finsbury* to ſhoot at Rovers, and Nine-pin-Alleys, and Bawdy-houſes in every Quarter; what other Recreations canſt find?

Fair. Yes, all the Varieties thou canſt imagine. Oh the ſeveral ſorts of People that walk in theſe Fields, the Saint, the Sot, the Cheat,

Cheat, the Cully, the Grave, the Frollick, the Wiſe, the Fool, the Melancholy, the Religious, the Fanatic, the Uſurers, the Philoſophers, the Alchymiſts, the Quacks, the Shop-keeper, from the Mercer to the Cobler, and Stocking-mender, with all their Wives, Daughters, Neeces and Maidens.

Friend. Fairly reckoned, you forgot the Mad-men too, in *Bethlem*, they make part of the Rarities. But methinks St. *James's* Park, and the fair *Bevie*, that is there to be ſeen every Night, ſhould have more attraction. The bright, fair, buckſom, witty, fine, willing and airy Girles at that end of the Town, ſhould give more delight than green Aprons, and Grogaram Gowns or Petticoats that ſtink of Soap and Tallow, or the Cypreſs Cheſts and Lavender.

Fair. Every man as he likes. I know your aim is at ſome fine, witty, frollic, buckſom Miſs, which ſome unmannerly Puppies call Wenches, and others moſt abominably aſperſe by the term of Whore. Why Faith *Will.* this place is not without thoſe Creatures, and plenty of them too, of all ſorts and ſizes, though perhaps not ſo well *prinkum prankum'd*, or ſo modiſhly rigg'd: Theſe are a ſort of demure Whores, with little Rings upon their Foreheads, a ſtrait Hood, and a narrow diminitive Colverteen Pinner, that makes them look ſo Saint-like, that you would ſwear 'em the Daughters of innocence it ſelf.

Friend. This is ſomething to the purpoſe, I like the place the better for that; but prethe be plain with thy Friend, and do not conceal thy Intrigue: who is it you are in queſt of, that has ſo ſtrong a Cart-Rope, as to draw thee from all the fine things in the Mall, to theſe ſtinking Tents of Bottle Ale and ruſty Bacon? ſure 'tmuſt be ſome rare piece: Or art thou cloy'd with Partridge and Pheaſant, and long'ſt after Hung-Beef, muſty Swines-fleſh, or Raſhers on the dirty Coales?

Fair. You are ſtill beſides the Mark *Will.* 'tis no ordinary Game that I hunt in theſe Fields.

Friend. Why ſo fly *Frank?* I never had a Miſs or Intrigue yet, but I diſcovered it to thee, this is unkindly, the very Air of this place ſpoils your good nature.

Fair. I will tell you then, I am damnably, deſperately, deeply in Love, and ſo have bin ſeveral Moneths too, and with an honeſt, witty, beautiful, well-bred, diſcreet, young Lady, and one that has Money boy to boot.

Friend. To have bin in Love for ſeveral Moneths, is no ſuch ſtrange thing, with a witty, beautiful, well-bred, diſcreet, young Lady; but if ſhe be honeſt, and you cannot hope to make her otherways, what do you do with her?

Fair. I ſee you follow your old Game *Will*—— But I aſſure thee, mine is an honourable and lawful, and meer Matrimonial Deſign.

Friend. Heavens forbid—— Matrimonial Love ſay you? thou

art not ſo intoxicated yet? what Marry, when all the World forſake their Wives, and fall to keeping? when 'tis grown as much out of Faſhion as Trunk Breeches; thou haſt convers'd fairly with *Moor-Fields*.

Fair. Away, away, let's have no tilting againſt Marriage, the Theam is grown thred-bare, there is ſcarce a Comedy without it, the Poets and the Stage have laught at it ſo long, that they begin to be laught at themſelves for it. I tell thee *Will. Friendly*, mine is a fair, honeſt, downright, Matrimonial-Love, with a very honeſt fair, young, witty Gentlewoman, and now, in truth, you have my whole Intrigue.

Friend. If it be ſo, I think thou art turned an honeſt, down-right, plain-dealing Sot. Doſt not thou know that there is not a more unbecoming thing in Nature, than to ſee a Gentleman handing and waiting on his Wife.

Fair. 'Tis no matter for that, I have therefore withdrawn my ſelf to this end of the Town, even to *Moor-Fields*, where 'tis no ſhame to do ſo; Men and their Wives ordinarily walk here together very lovingly.

Friend. Ay, Citizens and Shop-keepers, who are wedded to their old Faſhions.

Fair. I believe it will grow in Faſhion again, at the other end of the Town ſhortly: Miſſes are ſo very chargeable, humorſome, proud, impertinent and tyrannical, that no Wife in the World can be more. But I am reſolv'd, and am not now to be ſhaken, therefore forbear.

Friend. But may not I ſee this fine, powerful Charm of yours?

Fair. Yes, you may in time, I am not ſhy, and I think need not be jealous of thee; for thou canſt love nothing that's honeſt.

Friend. That's becauſe I could never meet with that *Chimæra*, but you it ſeems, have found this rare Jewel.

Fair. Did you know her you would ſay ſo in Earneſt, ſhe is a Jewel out ſhewn in the Dark, which makes her Carbuncle-like, to ſhine the brighter.

Friend. If it ben't i'the dark, 'tis ſuch a hole, I ſhould ne'r have ſought for a Jewel in.

Fair. That's nothing to the Family ſhe lives in, and to the People ſhe is forc'd to converſe with.

Friend. Well, who is ſhe? her Name, and ſo forth.

Fair. Why I'll tell thee, her name is *Lucia*, Well-bred, a Gentlemans Daughter, who dying, left her under the Guardianſhip of one Mr. *Timothy Turbulent*, whoſe Wife was Siſter to her Father. Now he, with his hypocritical Sanctity, got ſo far into the Eſteem of his Brother-in-Law, that he left his Daughter to his Care, with full power to ſee her beſtowed in Marriage, but her Portion he committed to the ſafe keeping of the Chamber of *London*, which is 5000 Pounds.

Friend.

Friend. He was wise in that.

Fair. This Mr. *Turbulent* is one that is still Railing against the Times, the Court, the King, the Church, the Government, and almost every thing that stands in his way, loves to speak Treason privately, and has a great delight and faculty that way.

Friend. A good Guardian.

Fair. His Wife is one that has walk'd throw all Religions, and at last is come into the Society of the Sweet Singers. His Daughter is an impertinent, and unmannerly Quaker, yet pretends to Knowledge, Learning and Logick.

Friend. 'Fore *George*, your Jewel's well set.

Fair. Besides, The Gang that follows this Mr. *Turbulent*, and visits his House, of *Anabaptists*, *Vitioneers*, *Quakers*, *Hypocrites*, *Cheats* and *Fools* of all sorts; which are the only People, my Mistress is suffered to converse with.

Friend. But in what Predicament stand you with your Mistress?

Fair. The business of Wooing is past, we are come to a Conclusion; but Mr. *Turbulent* knowing me to be one of the un-sanctified-end of the Town (as he calls it) has absolutely forbid me all entrance into his Mansion, so that I cannot see *Lucy*, but by stealth.

Friend. Thou deservest this Gentlewoman, who e'r she be, for ventring into such a Place and People for her sake—— 'Tis far beyond the Voyage of *Orpheus* for *Euridice*, or of *Jason* for the Golden Fleece, the Furies and the Dragons and wild Bulls, were not so dangerous as these sort of People thou hast named.

Fair. You may see by this the power of Love, that I can walk with pleasure under these Trees, the contemplation of Pay-day Melancholy.

Enter Cringe *singing, dress'd most exactly with Ribbons and* —

Crin. Fa la fal fal la la fa la fa——

Friend. Whom have we here? a kind of a Morrice-dancer by his trip and trim.

Fair. O Sir, 'tis my Rival, one that Mr. *Turbulent* designs for *Lucies* Husband, he is a *Mercer* of *Lombard-Street*, his name is Finical *Cringe*.

Crin. Fa la la fal la la——

Friend. A pretty spruce airy *What d'ye lack Sir.*

Fair. Yes, he learns to sing, dance, fence and to play of the Violin, scorns to be like the Citizens, but scurvily imitates the Courtiers. Nay he is a pretender to Poetry, makes Sonnets and Acrosticks on his Mistress Name. He goes duly to *Pinners* Hall with Mr. *Turbulent*, where he writes the Sermons, and when he comes home, privately reads Plays and Romances. To this Ape has Mr. *Turbulent* promised Mrs. *Lucy*, for which he is to have 500 *l.* of her Portion for his Daughter *Priscilla*.

Friend. Why dost not beat him, but suffer him to court thy Mrs.

Fair.

Fair. What, beat an Ass—— there is no danger of him, he is *Lucies* only diversion, and serves to make her sport as much as a Monkie. Oh he sees us——

Cringe. Mr *Fairelove*, honoured Mr. *Fairelove*, I kiss your hand, humbly kiss your hand heh——heh——

This is your friend heh! I humbly kiss yours heh—— { *salutes them with many fine Bows and Cringes.*

Fair. Your servant Sir, whither are you going Mr. *Cringe?* what to see Mrs. *Lucy* I warrant.

Crin. I am going to make her my daily Visit heh, and to illuminate my self by her lustre heh——

Fair. You are a happy man Mr. *Cringe*— you are going to offer some Copy of Verses now to her fair hands——

Crin. Who I? fa la fa la la—— I can a little at Poetry— but you have so many better Poets at your end of the Town heh, heh, that you dislike us City Wits, heh——

Frien. Pox on him for a Baboon, what do you discourse with him so long for?

Fair. Prethee be quiet, he will shew his Verses now, either stolen out of some Play-book, or of his own making.

Friend. What does the Coxcomb heh so at us?

Fair. Oh! 'tis his word of Expectation, the Fop thinks it a grace, and has us'd himself so long to't, he cannot speak ten words without it, and it makes up a great part of his Oratory—— see he's a pulling out his Papers, { Cringe *reads to himself and smiles.*

Friend. This is *Moor*-fields——

Fair. Come, come Mr. *Cringe*, let us see your Raptures, you are reading there—— my Friend here is a very good Judg of Verses.

Crin. 'Tis a pretty Conceit heh, a very pretty conceit heh——

Fair. Come what is't, let's see it.

Crin. Why 'tis a Copy of Verses of a Pin that fell from Mrs. *Lucies* Sleeve, and I put it upon mine heh--- carried it home heh, and this Morning I made these Verses heh, which I am going to present her, with her Pin again heh; is it not a pretty Conceit heh?——

Fair. Yes, and shews much Wit, the Great *Virgil* did not disdain to write on a Gnat, and a Fly, and a Flea, yea a Louse, has been the Theam of the Witty Poets, among which we will place your Pin.

Cring. The Conceit is new I assure you, heh— here Mr. *Fairelove*, you shall read 'em — heh!

Fair. No, by no means, you will grace 'em best your self—— your Poets always love to read their own Verses, they know where to give the Emphasis, and how to accent them, with the true rise and fall of the Voice—— *Crin.* Well then——

Upon a Pin dropt from Mrs. *Lucies* fair Sleeve.

Fair. Had it not been better—— upon fair Mrs. *Lucies* Sleeve.

Crin. No, that is not so new—— Mark the Conceit heh.

Reads——

Reads——

Return sweet Pin, unto my sour sweet foe,
Tell how her secret Charms do play their part,
How like the dart of Cupid, *thou dost show,*
Which from her eyes, shot through my loving heart!
A wondrous thing! thy touch was harmless to me,
And where thou touch'd me not, thou didst undo me.

How do you like it heh?

Fair. Excellent.

Crin. Reads——

Yet tell, dear Pin, that thy Enchanted Touch
Did sweeten so the Sleeve, where it was cast,
That there was nothing grieved me so much,
As the remembrance of my Freedom past,
For who may be her Captive, and be free,
A Gally Slave, lives happier than he.

what say you hey——

Fair. Very good——

Crin. Reads——

So be thou gone, and yet go not I pray,
Go not, sweet Pin, O go not back at all,
But prick my heart so hard, that Night and Day,
In Death and Life, it be her Beauties Thrall;
And yet, even go, for Duty so commands,
Go gentle Pin again, to her fair hands.

Mark that heh, and then I present the Pin heh, a merry Conceit, heh, a Morning Meditation, heh—— fal la la la fal sa lay—— but your friend does not tell me how he likes it heh.

Friend. Very scurvily heh—— why this Fool is madder than any in *Bedlam*—— prethe let me kick him going——

Fair. By no means—— did you make these Verses Mr *Cringe?*

Cringe. Yes Sir—— and off hand, this Morning, I did not study much for 'em.

Friend. I dare swear he did not.

Fair. But I doubt you stole 'em Mr. *Cringe*, for I remember I saw the very same Verses, with little alteration on a Scarf, Printed among Collection of rare Poems.

Crin. Aside—— Who'd think he should have seen that Book—— I thought it had been out of Print, I do but as the greatest Wits do, steal one from another, but I had as good have made 'em, for it lost as much Labour and Oyl, as the Poets say, to turn a Scarf into a Pin heh——

Friend. I am sure you have turn'd your self into a Wood-Cock—— Here's a *Moorfield* Poet and City Wit, with all my heart—— 'slid *Fairlove*, art bewitch'd, to hold any longer converse with this Fool, and finical hehing Coxcomb.

Cringe.

Cringe. Mr. *Fairlove*, your Servant, heh. I ſee your friend is vapory and huffy heh——— your ſervant, your ſervant, fa la la fa la la—— [*Exit.*

Fair. Why are you ſo angry *Will*——— would you have converſe with none but Philoſophers——— or would you have the man have more Wit than God has given him?

Friend. No, Natural folly does not offend me, a *Jack Adams*, a Clown, a Jobbernole, but theſe fools, that take pains, and are induſtrious, and laborious to ſhew their follies, ever make me angry, I can't laugh at 'em.

Fair. But I can—— prethee let's withdraw——— I ſee more Company, that will be worſe offenſive to me, for I hate Knaves, and there are a couple of ſufficient ones.

Enter Furniſh *and* Hangby.

Friend. Prethe, who are they?———

Fair. Come this way, I'll tell thee—— [*going off.*

That is one *Furniſh*, a Sifters Son of Mr. *Turbulent*, a very Cheat, has nothing, yet furniſhes all the needy Lords of the Town with money, keeps his Coach, his Houſe well furniſh'd, ſpends high, keeps his Whores, his Footmen, *French*-Man, *&c.* and all by his Wits.

Friend. I like ſuch a man very well, Knaves are no offence to me, they are very neceſſary Common Wealth-men, and are as good as a Cat in a Houſe, to pray upon the Vermin Fools. Would there were more of them; but who's there——

Fair. 'Tis one *Hangby*, a creature of his, and a Conſpirator in his Cheats—— they come this way, let's ſheere off into the next Walk. [*Exeunt.*

Furn. A Pox of ill luck, my Uncle *Turbulent* has taken Phyſick to day, and I cannot have the opportunity of getting him forth. I can do no good with him, whilſt the old Hag my Aunt is with him. Nothing will open his heart, but good Sack and Sugar, or ſweet Metheglin, or elſe a Brace of Steaming Capons, with all the accoutrements.

Hang. Nay, he is a Devil at Eating, he lays in like *Wood* a *Kent*, when he eats on Free Coſt.

Furn. He had better eat at a ten Shilling Ordinary, every time he eats with me, I have the right way to coaks him. I know his humour *Jack*—— But I'm at a Deviliſh Plunge for this 50 *l.* to ſtop the Execution that is coming out againſt my Goods; my Coach and Horſes are in jeopardy.

Hang. Is it poſſible you can want money already? it is not many days ſince I ſaw thee as rich as a Banker, and rolling in Guinies.

Furn. Faith they're all gone—— flown boy—— they never ſtay long with me — Doſt not ſee what ſhoales I have following me, that I am fain to forſake my Lodging, or get out on't by 5 in the morning, to avoid them, yet wonder that theſe ſums ſhould be ſo ſoon gone.

Hang.

Hang. You say true.

Furn. Besides there is Sir *William* Needy, Mr Litttlewit, Mr. Pennyless, Mr. Marland, and 40 more that I have furnished, and must furnish as fast as I can. But Puppies——Puppies *Jack*, begin to grow thin; if I could but meet with them as often as I could desire, I should do well enough.

Hang. But well as to this 50 *l.* 'tis a small Sum; I never knew thee so gravell'd before for such a little *Modicum*—what no Trust in the City—what! has the Lace-man smelt thee? never a Claret-Merchant! Will the Sadler trust no more Sadles to furnish the Troops going to *Flanders*, ne're a Draper—Where are your Setters and Ferriters for security; are there no Tradesmen now ready to break, whose Credit is good enough to be bound for a 100 *l.* or so, and go snips. Where is your honest Rogue Scrivener to draw in han? What man! a la mort? { Furnish *is all this while musing.*

Furn. This Uncle of mine vexes me——He begins to hearken to the Old Beldame his Wife, who has lost all her Teeth with scolding; and her Lips are worn so thin that they will not keep her Nose and her Chin from meeting.

Furn. I tell thee *Jack* I have not sufficiently squeez'd this Uncle of mine——He milks hard now, and I take the more pleasure in it. Oh! the delight I take of putting the Dice upon a wary Fop. If he be covetous let me alone to deal with him. 'Twas no less than 30 in the hundred advantage, with good security, that made this precise Ass my Uncle part with his 500 *l.* for so much I have had, which he is never like to see again, and this 50 *l.* to Boot.

Hang. But how?

Furn. Let me alone——Go you away, presently disrobe your self; off with your Cloaths, your Sword, Wig, and Hat——Put your self nimbly into a black Sute of Grogran, below the Knees, a broad skirted Doublet, and Girdle about the middle, and a short black Cloak squirted down before with black Taffity, a broad brim'd Hat, with a great twisted Hatband with a Rose at the end of it——Your Hair is slink enough, and of the precise Cut without your Perriwig: good *Jack* be nimble, and meet me at the *Popes Head Tavern*, near to my Uncles, about 3 a Clock in the Afternoon. I will prepare him for you.

Hang. I have a *Broker* in *Long-Lane* that soon will Attire me in any Garb. I have served you I'm sure in all Habits, from the Lord to that Clown, nay to the Skip-kennel——But what must I do?

Furn. Prethee be not impertinent, I think thou art grown dull. Observe your Cue——You are to be a Suter to my Cousin *Priscilla*.

Hang. Enough—enough——I have you i' my Noddle——fear me not—Ile be with you without fail. [*Exit.*

Farn. And *I* must in the mean time try my skill to get my Uncle to the Tavern, now he has taken Phisick, from that Female Devil my Aunt, whom *I* dread more than the sight of a Basilisk.

How now Mr. *Sneak* — Prethee wha't's become of the Captain your great Companion, that was to go on the expedition to conquer the *I*sland of *Formosa*.

Enter Sneak—

Snea. He had not patience till my Lady *Medler* could get the Commission, and so he is gone to sell Ale at *Wapping*.

Farn. Gad the better Employment by half, and more to be got by it.

Snea. You are always an *I*nfidel Mr. *Furnish*, but *I* am come to ask seriously your advice, whether *I* should accept an Employ that is now offered me, or no?

Farn. Accept? what the Devil else should you do but accept? Thou hast not had six pence in thy Pocket this six Moneths to my knowledg but what *I* have furnished thee with, to go to the Coffie-Houses to meet your damned cheating Roguish Projectors. *If* thou gets no more by pimping than thou doest by projecting, we shall see through this slender Body of thine shortly. But what in the Name of Wonder, is this Place or Employ that is offered you?

Snea. *I* am offered two Places to go Governour of *Poetan*, or Consul of *Marsielles*—which shall *I* take?

Farn. *Poetan*, where is that?

Snea. It is a great Kingdom in the *West Indies*, for which *I* am to raise 10000 *l* and *I* to go Governour.

'Tis a great way off Mr. *Sneak*, *I* should rather be Consul of *Marsielles*.

Snea. *I* am of your mind, my Lady *Medler* has as good as got me the Patent——Faith Il'e send thee good store of Muscat.

Farn. Consul of *Marsielles*, hah hah hah——a goodly Consul——But hark you Mr. Consul *Sneak*, what will then become of all your Projects if you go? will you leave all your Concerns in your Black Box that is worth so many thousand Pounds?

Snea. Why these Considerations I confess made me make a scruple of it——and now *I* think better of it, *I* will not go.

Farn. Why where is the Widdow Mr. Consul, that you were in in queſt of that was worth a 100000 pound.

Snea. Fye, fye, don't mention her; when *I* enquired into the Business *I* found she had but 2000 pound. She took Tobacco, and drunk Brandy, and was no Gentlewoman, and therefore *I* refused her.

Farn. Thou art a damnable lying Rogue — *I* know thou wouldst take up with an Apple-woman that had but 50 *l*. Hang it Mr. *Sneak*, you have brag'd so long of your Land in *Cornwall* that no Body will believe thee. And hast been fool'd so much by every projecting

Codshead

Codshead, that the whole world laugh at thee, and ſay thou art onely fit for a Chamber among the Fellows of that great Colledg yonder. [*pointing to* Bedlam.

Snea. You may ſay your pleaſure Mr. *Furniſh*.——*I*'le leave you—But *I* queſtion not yet to ride in my Coach and ſix Horſes—

Furn. Stay——ſtay, don't go away——here take ſixpence to ſpend at the Coffee-Houſe, for *I*'m ſure thou haſt no money. [*takes it.*

Snea. Well well, *I* will pay you again with *I*nterest.

Furn. Be ruled by me Mr. Grin, leave your projecting Trade, and keep cloſe to your pimping Trade, 'twill bring you in more money byhalf: Thou art a moſt excellent Pimp——the Ladies are taken with thy Addreſs.

Snea. Well well, Mr. *Furniſh*——you are full of your jeers——but *I* am ſtayd for——

Furn. Be not out of the way in the Afternoon, if need be to be bound with me to my Uncle, Mr. *O-yes* good ſecurity.

Snea. No no——*I*'m ſure *I*'m bound for ſome hundreds already for him——But if one of my Projects hits *I* ſhall pay all. [*Exit.*

Furn. Goe thy way for a melancholly, projecting Dreamer, with thy Eſtate in the Clouds——Now is he gone ſneaking to my Uncle Turbulents——*I* wonder what he does there?——But who comes ſayling here——Oh my Lady *Medler*: Now for a Dun, and a Rallie——

Enter Lady Medler.

La. Med. Out upon theſe paultry Fields; a Perſon of Quality cannot come to the Doors with a Coach, but muſt alight and foot it. *I* would not be ſeen thus afoot and alone for any thing——uds ſo, here is *Furniſh*.

Furn. Madam your Servant——what going to my Uncle Turbulents?

La. Med. O you are a fine Man never to come at me, are not you?——I have been at leaſt ten times at the Door in my Coach, but you're never within——when your turn's ſerv'd you care not.

Furn. And I think I ſerv'd her turn too, if I am not miſtaken. (*aſide.*) O Madam, I'm ſorry for your miſhap, t'other night, going home from my Houſe.

Lad. Med. Your Men had made my Coach-man drunk

(*Furn.* And I think I made her more drunk.)

La. Med. That he could not guide his Coach right, but overthrew it and broke all my Glaſſes. I'm ſure it coſt me Ten Pounds to put my Coach to rights again——You're a fine Man to keep me till three a Clock i'th' morning, wasn't you?

Furn. (Pox on her I could not be rid on her as long as I had one Bottle of Frontineack left) I did not think it ſo late, Madam, but what ſaid Sir *Edward*—was he not angry?

La. Med. Angry? would I cou'd ſee that: an he ſhould be angry with me, I'd make my Lord, my Brother angry with him—— angry kether? No I call'd him *Sweetface* a thouſand times, and told him I had been at my Couſens, the *Grocer*'s Wives Labour.

Fur. And he believ'd you?

La. Med. Why, you don't take him to be ſo unnatural a Beaſt as not to believe his own Wife. But where's my Necklace of Pearl I lent you to take up ſome Money on, did not you promiſe I ſhould have it within 2 days?———

Furn. A Pox of her Memory, I was afraid of this Dun—— Madam, I am about to receive 600 *l.* this Evening, and then *I* intend to return it back to your Ladyſhip, with a pair of ſilk Stockings for the uſe of it.

La. Med. Ay, you are the beſt Man at Promiſes in the World, and the worſt at Performances——— Indeed Mr. *Furniſh*, *I* muſt have it, *Sweet-Face* has asked me ſeveral times why *I* don't wear it——— I'll ſtay this Moneth for the 50 *l.* I lent you.

Furn. (And ſo you're like this 12 Moneths for me; if ſhe has not the Conſcience to pay me for what *I* do for her, *I* will have the Conſcience this way to pay my ſelf.)

Indeed Madam, *I* will repay you all ſhortly, and *furniſh* your Ladyſhip with what Moneys you ſhall want———

(*I* muſt put her beſides this Diſcourſe.

Madam, *I* wonder you can ſpare ſo much time as to come to this End of the Town, conſidering the many Affairs you have in hand, of bo ne't and weigh s——— My Lord your Brother helps you to many a Pound.

La. Med. Tho *I* ſay it—— *I* have more to do than my Lord Chancellor——— and my Lord my Brother has many grand intrigues in hand, *I* aſſure you; but 'tis a great ſecret, he is now making an Union between the *Muſcouite* and the *Turk*, and by his means there will be ſhortly a League, Offenſive and Defenſive, between the Grand Seignior and the Sophy of *Perſia*; and you will ſee by next Summer, for all the Peace at *Nimiguen*, all the States in *Chriſtendom* Confederated againſt the *French* King— My Lord *Politick* knows how to play his Cards.

Furn. You are happy, Madam, in being like him——— for though you don't make Matches between Kingdoms and States, yet you make many other very conſiderable.

La. Med. *I* have made ſome in my time—— and to tell you the truth, *I* was now going to Mr. *Turbulent* to propoſe a Match between a Kinſman of my Lords and his Daughter *Priſ.*

Furn. (Dam her——— ſhe'll ſpoil all my Deſign) By no means Madam——— don't do it.

La. Med. Why ſo Mr. *Furniſh*——— *I* think it is no diſparagement to be Related to my Lord my Brother. *I* tell you Mr. *Furniſh*,

niſh, there is not a Woman in all the Kingdom but would be glad and proud of the Honour.

Furn. No queſtion, Madam——— But *I* have already propos'd a Match for my Couſen *Priſcilla*, and you will ſpoil all.

La. Med. Nay if it be ſo, *I*'m glad *I* ſpoke of it——— *I* ſhall forbear for your ſake.

Furn. But Madam, There is one Match that *I* know of, which if you could bring about would advantage you at leaſt 10000 *l.*

La. Med. Bring it about——— *I*'ll warrant you——ne'r fear man, as long as *I* have my Lord my Brother to back me——prethe who are the perſons?

Furn. 'Tis a difficult buſineſs, and *I*'m loth to tell you.

La. Med. *I* will know——— You ſhall have a ſhare *Furniſh*——— Making of Matches is a good Trade, if it be well handled to get Money on both ſides; but *I* muſt know who theſe perſons be.

Furn. Why it is between *Antichriſt* and the *Whore of Babylon*——— 'twould do well if you could bring them together.

La. Med. Well— well— you jeer me do you? Farewel— but be ſure you remember my Necklace.

Furn. I ſhan't forget it Madam——but not a word of my Couſen *Priſcillas* Match— *I*'ll not leave you, Madam— *I*'ll ſee you at my Uncle *Turbulents*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Fairlove *and Mrs.* Wellbred.

Lucy. Your friend yonder is a man of ſenſe; *I* like him— but *I* converſe with ſo wretched a Generation, that *I* am like one coming out of a dark place, dazled with the light of Sence and Reaſon.

Fair. He is a plain, downright Gentleman that loves to ſpeak his mind——— and *I*'m afraid he'll beat that Fop *Cringe*, if we leave them too long together—— Therefore my dear *Lucy*, anſwer me to the Queſtion *I* ask'd you.

Lucy. You may be ſure *Frank*, that *I* would be glad to be out of this Hell *I* live in, and dare venture my ſelf with you—and put my Neck in the Yoke of Matrimony —— but *I* tell you, *I* will alſo bring you the little Fortune my Father has left me, and not give the advantage to my Uncle *Turbulent*, to cheat me of it— he has a *Fanatical* Conſcience.

Fair. I thought *I* had taken off that Objection, by telling you the good Fortune that has befallen me of 500 *l.* a Yeer, by the Death of my Uncle in *Norfolk* — So that now you cannot object (as you uſe to do) the want of means to live.

Lucy. You have indeed *Frank* been very honeſt in not urging me to Marry before you knew how to keep me like a Gentlewoman, and as many do, to ſatisfie their pleaſure, run themſelves headlong into Miſery— But yet *I* aſſure you, *I* will have my Portion before *I* Marry; tho you are ſo willing to part with it, *I* am not.

Fair.

Fair. But you know how averſe he is to me, and that he deſigns you for that Fop *Cringe*, and what power your Father left with him, ſo that you cannot have your Portion unleſs you Marry as he would have you. Will you therefore ever live in the Purgatory you are in, and permit me ſtill to languiſh for want of your company, or elſe to continue my Walks here among Uſurers, Bawds and Punks, to get now and then a ſight of you?

Lucy. No, no, fear it not, *I* have ſtudied the point, the clauſe of the Will is this, *That if my ſaid Uncle* Turbulent *be alive, and* compos mentis, *that he ſhould have the ſole diſpoſe of me, and that if I married without his conſent, the Chamber of* London *ſhould not part with my Portion, but it ſhould be at my ſaid Uncles diſpoſe* — Now if my ſaid Uncle be either dead, or not *compos mentis*, that clauſe is null, and the Portion, as *I* take it, is at my own diſpoſe.

Fair.——You are a cunning Lawyer but your Uncle is alive—— as for the other, *compos mentis*, that I think he is not— but 'tis not what we think, but what the Law will think in that caſe.

Luc. Well, let me alone—— I will give you leave to get a Licence againſt to morrow morning, for *I* have brought my Affairs to ſuch a paſs, that by that time the Law ſhall free me, and he ſhall be either not alive, or not *compos mentis*.

Fair. I confeſs I am gravel'd— but I will not queſtion your ingenuity——

Luc. But what ſhall I do with poor *Cringe?*

Fair. Hang him Fop——

Luc. I muſt provide him a Wife— my Couſen *Priſcilla*, as preciſe as ſhe is, is taken with that Fool, and extreamly loves him— I muſt try to get him to Marry her—— He is ſo eaſie a Fool that *I* think *I* ſhall perſwade him to it for all his pretenſions to me.

Fair. That would do well —— ſee he is run away from *Friendly*— *I* knew he could not endure him long ——

Enter Cringe.

Crin. Your moſt humble Servant hey—your Servant Mr. *Fairlove*— Fore Gad your Friend yonder is the rougheſt man I e're talked with hey——I never ſaw ſuch a ſurly man in my life hey——he does not love talking he ſays——hey——and then I would have read him ſome Verſes hey——and he then grew worſe mad hey—and would have tore 'em hey——then I ſung fa la la la fal la la la, and gad he was ready to kick me hey, he is fit to converſe with no Body but himſelf hey, and ſo I left him hey——

Fair. Ay Mr. *Cringe*, he has his Fits——you muſt not take it ill.

Crin. I a'nt ſuch an Aſs hey——but I'le ne're be alone with him again hey——Come Madam *Lucy* will you go home hey—

Fair. Nay I ſhall be angry to if you perſwade the Lady to leave my Company ſo ſoon.

Luc.

Luc. Come Mr. *Cringe*, let's ſee thoſe Verſes you would have ſhewn Mr. *Friendly*——I know they are ſome I ha'nt ſeen yet, and I thank you for thoſe of my Pin.

Crin. They are not finiſhed, yet hey I have onely begun a few hey, which I intend to preſent you when they are finiſhed hey.

Luc. No no, I'le ſee em now while I'm in the humor, or not at all.

Fair. You muſt never deny a Lady any thing.——

Crin. Look here, they are but—— fore gad they are not yet finiſhed. [*about to read*

Enter Friendly.

Godslid here's the Gentleman does not love Verſes, I dare not read 'em——— [*going to put up the Paper.*

Fair. Come come you ſhall read em——

Fri. I wonder you can fool thus with this City-maggot; Prethee *Frank* if thou haſt any thing to ſay to the Lady I'le ſtay and beat him going——if not let's goe.

Fair. Prethee *Friendly* be not ſo haſty——Mrs. *Lucy* has a mind to ſee his Verſes———

Fri. That any one ſhould take ſuch content in the diverſion of Fools.

Crin. Well I'le read if Mr. *Friendly* will be but freindly hey I think I was witty there hey—You muſt know Madam theſe Verſes are not finiſhed—

Luc. Why you told us ſo already, Mr. *Cringe*, let's hear 'em however———

Crin. Hem! hem! they are to be directed to you Madam—For the fair hands of the more fair Madam *Lucia.*

Luc. I could never tell before which were the faireſt, my hands or my face. Proceed——

Crin. Hem! hem! reads——

For mighty joys expreſſion in more ſtate
My thoughts Orations did premeditate;
But formal Speeches whiſtling like the Wind,
Oſtentate Wit, not Loyalty of Mind:
Sincerity makes little noiſe, and flies
From hollow hearted, gay Formalities.

How do you like it hey——for gad 'tis excellent, no ordinary ſtrains hey—

Fri. You are no ordinary Puppy I am ſure of it.

Crin. Your Servant Sir Hey—Hem—hem—ready.

But your Averſion now I plainly find
Through the Tranſparent Windows of the Mind;
So a Pellucent Ladies Ivory Skin,
For all her Tiffanies, is ſeen within.

Do you mark that hey—'tis good hey—hem! hem!——reads

Your

Your honey Speech was sweet as Woodbine Flower
Of Sugar Lips, too soon was shut the Door.
Soft as the Wooll of Beaver was your stile,
Which makes my ravish'd Sense of Hearing smile;
Your stroking fingers with May-*Morning Dew,*
My wearied Bodies vigour did renew.
But with delight my Sense of Seeing spies
More amiable Marvels in your Eyes.

Friend.—— [Snatches the Paper and tears it. I can hold no longer, he has wore out my patience—— why there's more sense in the chattering of a Monkey.

Crin. He has tore the best Copy of Verses that ever was wrote hey, and that's a bold word hey——

Lucy. And so it was Mr. *Cringe*,——But is this all pure City Wit - *London* Wit——— or *Moorfields* Meditation.

Fair. No, in good Faith 'tis. pure *York-shire* Wit; for he has took all this out of the *York*-shire Play called, *The Inamouring Girdle.*

Crin. Godsuckers——— I think the Devil is in 'em for finding me out——— I must out-face it.

Friend. Let him take it from whence he will, 'tis like himself, all Nonsence.

Crin. 'Tis all my own Writing, I protest——— one thing may be like another hey ——

Lucy. Well, well *Cringe*, as long as I like it, all is well; I know no body but your self could write such high strains.

Crin. O Madam, I am your most humble Servant and Admirer hey——— but the Gentleman is a very angry Man hey.

Enter Mr. Suck-Thumb, *halited odly, with his Hat over his Eyes, and walks over the Stage, and goes out.*

Friend. What kind of Dumb-sad is that ?——— he walks as if he trod on Eggs.

Lucy. Oh, he is one of the Gang, resorts much to my Uncle *Turbulents*, speaks hardly 6 words in 6 hours, and then he gapes like Frier *Bacon*'s Brazen Head. He dreams all day, and sees Visions at night — and then relates them for the comfort of the Brethren in Tribulation. All he speaks they take for Oracles. He's one of their private Conventicle or Cabal, where they may speak their minds freely.

Friend. A Melancholy Visionere.

Lucy. Whose Head travels the Moon, and has lodg'd in all the Inns of the *Zodiack* and the 7 Stars. He has been beyond the eight Sphere, and brings Embassies from thence, his Name is Mr. *Abednego Suck-Thumb.*

Crin. Mr. *Turbulent* will think I'm run away with you, Madam *Lucy*, hey——— shall we repair to your Habitation hey ?

Lucy. Well Gentlemen, your Servant—— Mr. *Fairlove* let me see you again anon. [*Whispers.*

Cringe.

Crin. Your Servant Gent.—— your Servant, your humble Servant Mr. *Fairlove.* { *with many ridiculous Cringes and Bows.*

Fair. Your Servant Mr. *Cringe*——

Friend. Your Servant Coxcomb—— { *Exeunt Cringe and Lucy.*

I admire how ſo well-bred and witty a Gentle-Woman can endure to converſe with thoſe kind of Animals that are about her. I like your Choice *Frank*, but I don't like your Matrimony. is there no other way—— can't you ſave her from drowning, without ſinking your ſelf?

Fair. Leave off, I am reſolved—— I will deliver her to morrow—— To morrow *Will.* thou ſhalt be at our Wedding.

Friend. Thou art a kind Servant—— Thou'lt deliver her out of Hell, and put thy ſelf into Purgatory. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

D THE

THE SCENE.

Mr. Turbulent's Houſe.

ACT II.

Enter Mr. Turbulent, *Mrs.* Turbulent, Priſcilla *with a Pipkin of Grewel.* *Mr.* Turbulent *in a Night Gown, Caps on his head, a great night-rail flung over his Shoulders* —— &c.

Turb. WELL here's ſome Air in this Room —— oh! oh! oh! it was a Thundring Emettic —— Lord how it work'd, I am wondrous empty.

Priſ. Here is a whole Pipkin of Plum Grewel for thee —— ſhall I give thee ſome of it ——

Turb. No —— I bid you get me ſome Egg-Caudle —— I will have that firſt, and then the Grewel —— Egg-Caudle is comfortable —— oh! oh! I am very ſick —— *Kate* I am very ſick, it gripes me yet —— It has claw'd me off —— it has made me very empty.

Mrs. *Tur.* 'Tis no matter, Mr. *Turbulent*, and it had been worſe; you muſt be taking Phyſick of ſuch lewd *French* Doctors —— This was one of your Nephew *Furniſh*'s helping to, that ſink of Sin, and Son of Perdition, who never did you any good, nor never will —— Could not Doctor Pluſh-Coat here at the next Door, have ſerv'd your turn, or Doctor *Dodipal* one of the Brethren?

Tur. Hold your peace —— ſpeak not againſt the Doctor, the Phyſick has wrought well —— yea very well, both upwards and downwards —— why where's this Caudle?

Mrs. *Tur.* Why *Paul*, *Paul*, why *Paul* ——

Enter Pollux *with a Meſs of Caudle.*

Pol. Here, I'm coming as faſt as I can: I cannot be here and there and every where. I'm ſure I ſerve for all Employs, your Foot-boy to run of Errands; your Butler to draw your Beer; your Cook to dreſs your Meat, and yet I can't pleaſe you —— Sir ſhall I get ready the Turky Eggs? *Gives Mr.* Tur. *the Caudle, who falls to eating.*

Tur. Ay, get them ready againſt I have eat the Grewel, for I am wondrous empty ——

Pol. Will you have all ſix?

Tur.

Tur. All six Sirrah?—— are six so much that your Rascality asks so vain a Question?—— quickly all six——I am very empty—— *Kate* let a Chicken, otherwise called a large Pullet, be got ready for my Supper—— and some more Caudle—— I find Caudle is good.

Pol. He is become Ravenous; this Physick has but only whetted his craving Stomach—— Oh these Cholerick, Turbulent Men are always great eaters——

Tur. Sirrah are not you gone yet about the Eggs?

Pol. I'm going——He'll devour me if I stay. [*Exit.*

Tur. 'Tis good Caudle—— I find it comfortable *Kate.*

Enter Doctor Quibus.

Qui. Vat is dat you eate dere?

Tur. Nothing but Egg Caudle Doctor.

Qui. Morbleu—— Egg Caudle said you—— you be de strange man in de hole Varld—— The Debil give you de Physic for me—— I give de Physic to purge de Color and de Melancolly, and you eate de Caudle to make more Color and Melancoly. For vat is dat do you know?

Tur. Don't be angry Doctor, I am empty—the Caudle is comfortable——

Qui. De Caudle is poyson, and breeds de color ande de me-lan-col-ly, and it vil come to de fourth degree, and den you vil be mad—— dat you will get by de Caudle——

Tur. You sha'nt perswade me out of my Caudle for all that, 'tis comfortable, yea, I find it very comfortable.

Quib. Me been two, tree, fore day studying and turning over all de Autors to find cure for your distemper. Me read *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Sennertus Fuchsius* and twenty more, and break me Brane vit de study, and now you spoil all vit de Caudle—cram——cram——cram——

Mrs. *Tur.* Pray what it his Distemper?

Quib. His distemper is de choloric——Melancolly.

Prif. How dost thou prove that?

Tur. You must be prating too—— what's that to you how he proves it, does Mr. *Goose-quil* prove all he says?

Prif. Yes, he says nothing but what he Proves, and so ought he—— He ought to make it plain to the Hearers—— we do not understand what he means by choller ic Melancholly——

Quib. Maistress *Priscilla*, you be de very learned Voman——but you be troubled also very much vid de Melancholly, I can prove dat—— and all de House is troubled vid de Melancholly, and all de Varld is troubled vid de melancholly.

Prif. Thou shouldst tell us how—Thou sayst so, but that is not enough.

Tur. Kate, get me some Grewel while the Doctor disputes——I say get me some Grewel——

Quib. If Maister *Turbulent* vil give me de leave I will tel de how all de Varld is troubled vit de Melancolly.

Tur. Ay Doctor with all my heart—— I may then eat my Grewel in quiet—— I can eat and hearken to the Doctor——*Kate*—the Grewel.

She gives him a Mess.]

Qui. Mark ye me de Melancolly is de general diſeaſe of de hole Varld—all de Varld is troubled vit de Melancolly more or leſs. *Democritus* did ſtudy de Anatomy of de Melancolly, and one *Burton* your Country-man did write de great Vollome of de Melancolly; but I vil tell you all de hole Book in fower vards. Dere is de Melancolly—fa la—— de Melancolly pick-ſtraw—— de Melancolly Dumb-ſad —— and de Melancolly ſtark-mad——— and dere be all de Melancollicks be Gar ——

Tur. Very well Doctor, proceed———

Qui. Mark ye me—— Dere be de fower ſorts of de Humors vich cauſe de fower ſorts of de Melancollies, dat is de ſanguine or de blood, de Phlegm, de co-lor, and de pure Melancolly or adduſt blood. Mark ye me, dere be alſo, one, two, tree, fower degrees of de Melancolly—— De firſt is called de Melancolly only, but if it be not purged away, it vil riſe to de ſecond degree, and den it is called folly; ſo to the tird degree vich is extream folly, and laſtly, to de fowert degree, vich is madneſs.

Mrs. *Tur.* Methinks the Doctor ſpeaks very Learnedly.

Tur. Go on Doctor go on———

Qui. Vil you never don de eating———

Tur. I eat leiſurely——— I hearken Doctor —— I hear you———

Qui. Vel den, Me vil tel ye how de Melancolly diſturbs al Men in de Varld, and is de general diſtemper of de hole Varld. Mark ye me—de ſeat of de Melancolly is de ſpleen vich draws to it de ticker and de groſſer part of de blood, and ven dat intral is full of de aduſt Melancolly blood, and does no vel and rightly diſcharge it ſelf, it mixes it ſelf vit de other humors in de body, and ſo diffuſeth it ſelf torow de hole body—Mark ye me. [*Eating ſtill.*

Tur. I do Doctor——— I do———

Quib. Den if de Melancolly mixes it ſelf vit de ſanguine humor, or de blood, it cauſes de Melancolly fa la—— it makes de laugh, de ſinging, de caper-ing, de pance-ing—de love—de brisk-neſs—— de Poetry—— de Verſes, de Loye-Letters, de folly, de mimic geſtures, de apiſhneſs—— de buffoon and Apiſh Aſſes—— for de ſpleen is de ſeat of de laugh, as well as of de ſad and melancolly, but being mixed vit de blood it tickles de ſpleen, and cauſes de laugh hah hah hah——— de *Frenches* my Country-men are very ſubject to dis ſort of de Melancolly, who are alvais laugh-ing and meery, airy, light and full of de love———now as dis Melancolly riſes in degrees, it expreſſes it ſelf more or leſs, an example of vich Melan-colly, you have daily in Mr. *Cringe*, who comes daily to your houſe, he is, me aſſure you, much troubled vith dis ſort of Melancolly in de tird degree, and if he do not take my Pill for de Melancolly, he vil come to de fowert degree, and den he muſt go to de great Hoſpital, and have a chamber dere to be cured.

Tur. Very well Doctor, let us hear the other three Doctor, by that time I ſhall eat up my Grewel———

Qui. Vel den, if de Melancolly mixes vit de Phlegm it cauſes de Melan-colly pick-ſtraw. All de People of de *London* are very much troubled vit

dis-

dis dull and heavy melancholy; dey sit in their shops, and tink, tink, tink, all day long, from morning to de night of noting——all not worth one straw of de little sheat of dere shop, or of de news, buz——buz——buz——dey noting but pick straws all deir life-time——dis causes de grave and de full folly de starv'd Ass——the Politician——the Counsello de Projector, de windmils in de head, de formal busie body about noting——it makes the false hopes aud de dull fools——an example of dis melancholly you have in the projecting called *Mr. Sneak*, who comes often to your house; he is troubled vith dis melancolly pic straw, in de tird degree, and very near de forth.

Mrs. Tur. This Doctor I say is very learned, I begin to be of his Opinion.

Prisc. Ay Mother, if he could prove it, but I have not yet heard one Sylogism.

Tur. Peace——Doctor proceed——as I do [*eats*

Qui. Vel den de tird sort of melancholly, is ven de melancholly mixes vith de serum of the bloud, and makes it stick like puddle water; dis is de pure melancholly, de true *atra Bilis* black bile, and dis causes de dum sad —— he sits all day vith his hat dus——and his arms across dus——he no speak vards, he tinks altogether, he imagines strange dings, he sees strange sights, he tinks of de Dible, of his Cloven-foot, and de horns on his head, he tinks of de Moon, and of de Religion——he sees Visions of de Angels, and de strange Beasts, and de Monsters; dis causeth de Propheſie, de Fanatick, de Sects, and de Schisms, and de Hereticks, de Divisions, de dark mists in de fancy, and in de imagination, and de strange Chimeras, and all de strange delusions in de varld. An example of dis is the Visioneer, who often comes hither, one Mr. *Abednego Suctum*, he is troubled with dis in the fort degree, and is fit for de Bethlem.

Mrs. Tur. I like not that he should accuse Brother *Suck-Tum*

Qui. Maistres *Priscilla* is troubled vith dis melancholly in de tird degree, mixed vith de phlegm melancholly, but she may yet be cured; but I tink Mr. *Suctum* is past cure; and all de Elebore in d' Antycyra vil not give him de perfect cure.

Tur. Well, Doctor, let us here the fourth.

Qui. De fort and de last melancholly, is ven it mixes vith de Color; and dis causes de melancholly stark mad——dis is de *flava Bilis* de yellow bile, or de colorick melancholly dat causes all de quarrels in de vorld, and makes de fiting, de Riots, de Routs, de peevishness, de angriness, de beating one another, de disputing, de Railings, de Revilings, de Treasons, and de Treasonable Speeches, de Turbulences, de Rebellions, and opposition of de Governours, and de Government, of de Kings and his Laws, and of all unquietness in de vorld; Dis is de melancholly Mr. *Turbulent* which disturbs you, and which you have in de tird degree, and entring upon the fort, and for which you took my Emettic to purge it out, and to cure you, and now you goe spoil all vith eat-

ing Caudle —— me no give you any more Pyſick be gar —— you ſhall go to de Bethlem for me ——

Tur. What? do you ſay I am mad Varlet as thou art —— Hold me not; I will beat the Rogue's Eyes out —— Mad —— mad —— do you give me Phyſick to cure madneſs. Hah! am I mad — mad? *Setting down his Gruel and riſing up in great rage* *Mrs.* Turbulent *and* Priſcilla *run and hold him.*

Mrs. Tur. Be patient *Tim* —— be patient —— I think the Caudle has made you cholleric.

Qui. So now you vil ſe de effects off de Caudle, and off de yellow bile, de Colore —— I ſay Maiſtre *Turbulent* your are mad, and vil be mad, and muſt go to de Betlem for de cure —— and ſo fare de vel. [*Exit.*

Tur. Rogue, Dog, Raſcal, Knave, does he come here to abuſe me.

Priſ. Thou wilt do thy ſelf hurt to ſtrain thy ſelf after thy Phyſick — thou ſhouldeſt not be angry ——

Tur. Good Mrs. Sawcineſs, what! muſt you be prating too with your thees and thous? —— Let me alone —— *offers to ſtrike her, is held by Mrs.* Turbul.

Priſ. I begin to be of the Doctors mind without a Syllogiſm; I think this is demonſtration.

Mrs. *Tur.* Good *Tim.* be not ſo angry —— and *Turbulent* ——

Tur. I will be angry —— I will be *Turbulent* —— and I'll make ye all know your ſelves, and that I have the Spirit of Government, I will be angry you ſhall ſee ——

Mrs. *Turb.* I think he's quite Mad —— *Mrs.* Tur. *and* Priſ. *run out, Mr.* Turb. *runs after them.*

Enter Pollux *and* Furniſh.

Pol. I think your Uncle is mad within, his Wife and his Daughter can hardly hold him: will you go in and ſee to pacifie him —— your Doctor *Quibus* has made him mad in telling him he would be mad —— They are all together by the Ears, go in and part 'em.

Fur. Not I —— the Divil part 'em for me —— I intend to make 'em madder *Pol.* before night, for I intend to make him drunk ——

Pol. Not now he has taken Phyſick ——

Fur. Yes to chooſe —— I hope the Doctor has purged away ſome of his Choler —— good *Pol.* when you ſee the Coaſt clear give my Uncle this Note from me —— be ſure you do not let my Aunt ſee it, nor any body elſe —— be very private good *Pol.* —— There's ſomething for thee —— [*gives Money.*

Pol. He ſhall be ſure to have it. But I can't imagine how you'll get forth —— there is to be a private meeting by and by ——

Fur. 'Tis no matter for that —— I know I have a Charm in the Note — Profit — Advantage and Wine of free coſt, that will bring him to me for all his Phyſick and his private Meeting — tho he were in the midſt of his Railing, which he loves next to his Guts and Money. But be ſure *Pol.* to have a care that my Aunt ſee you not give him the Note ——

Pol.

Pol. I warrant you—— you know I am truſty——

(Calling within, Why *Paul*—— *Paul*—— *Paul*——)

You had beſt ſow me to your Waſt-Band, here's a deal of calling and bawling upon *Paul*.

Fur. Why do they call thee *Paul?*

Pol. O! they have only turn'd my Heathen and Prophane Name, as they call it, of *Pollux* to *Paul*—— after they had taken me I was like to have been diſcharged when they heard my Name was *Pollux*—— hark, they call again —— I muſt ſee what's the matter—— [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. *Sly.*

Mrs. *Sly.* O Mr. *Furniſh* am I ſo happy as to meet you here! What have I done to you that you come not near my Shop—— is not *Holborn* in your way never?——

Fur. 'Tis a dangerous Hill Mrs. *Sly*—— I don't love to go that way.

Mrs. *Sly.* You us'd to call often upon me when you went to your Taylors Mr. *Snipwel* in *Fullers Rents*—— they ſay Mr. *Furniſh*, you are very kind to his Wife—I proteſt I cannot but wonder you are ſo kind to an oldiſh Woman as ſhe is.——

Fur. I am kind to all, Mrs. *Sly*, old and young, fair and foul, all's one to me, when I'm in the humor; I have too much buſineſs to ſtand picking and chooſing of Faces when I ſhould need 'em——

Mrs. *Sly.* When ſhall you receive money Mr. *Furniſh*, my Chicken bid me to call upon you for the 40 *s.* for Oyl, and Anchovies, and Olives and Capers—— it has been now above a Twelve Moneth on the Book——

Fur. (Pox on her, I thought I had paid her ſufficiently for that Score, and that ſhe would not have the impudence to have asked me for this poor Sum—— what will this World grow to at laſt.) Faith Mrs. *Sly*, I had quite forgot—— I will call upon you one day or other——

(I'll be even with this Jade for offering to ask me for Money.)

Mrs. *Sly.* Do Mr. *Furniſh*—you ſhall be heartily welcome.

Fur. But hark you Mrs. *Sly*—— I have been often told of your Huſbands railing againſt the Times and the Government, openly in his Shop, as if behind the Counter were a *Priviledge-place*, ſpeaks and talks at a ſtrange rate of Railing—— I tell you on't for your good Mrs. *Sly*—I heard it talkt of—I fear you'll be informed againſt—— and try'd upon the Statute of *Scandalum Magnatum.*

Mrs. *Sly.* Cannot Men ſpeak in their own Houſes but they muſt be troubled for it—— is it not a very wicked Age—— a dangerous time——

Fur. But why cannot you let the times alone, Mrs. *Sly*, and follow your Vocations and your Meetings, and let the King and his Councillors alone—— what is that to your Oyl and the Olives, or to the Muſtard and Salt—— I tell you out of kindneſs, does it bring in any profit?—

Mrs. *Sly.* Yes by it we are known to the Godly, and it is as good as

a ſign

a Sign at the Door——— my Shop is never empty———my Husband is an honeſt man———

Fur. Nay, this is ſomething to the purpoſe, if you gain by railing—but for your husbands honeſty pray Mrs. *Sly* brag not of that; for the People ſay he is a great Wencher.

Mrs. *Sly*, Out upon them——He a Wencher——I don't find he is ſo able——— they bely him fearfully——

Fur. 'Tis true enough Mrs. *Sly*—— He ſpends abroad to my knowledge, which makes him ſo weak at home: You don't know what a ſly man he is.

Mrs. *Sly.* Do not ſcandalize my Chicken—— He would not do ſuch a thing for the whole World.

(*Fur.* Nor you neither.)

Mrs. *Sly.* He never goes out but to Meetings, I aſſure you. He haunts no ill places——not he——as I know on.

Fur. As you know on—— Why, do you think he'll let you know on't? when you think he is hearing Mr. *Thumper* and Mr. *Long-Lungs*, he is in diſguiſe picking up Wenches in *Moor*-fields.

Mrs. *Sly.* Well Mr. *Furniſh*, You may talk, but he is no ſuch manner of Man———

Fur. Nay if you won't believe me, will you believe your own eyes——leave but the Shop to night, and dreſs your ſelf up very modiſhly, put ſome Patches on thoſe Pimples, and a Vizard Mask o're the face, and do you walk in the dark of the Evening this night, in the lower Walk, near the *Old-Bedlam*, and you ſhall ſee this preciſe Husband of yours, whom you think ſo devotedly hearing Mr. *Long-Lungs*, pick you up, and carry you to a Bawdy-Houſe.

Mrs. *Sly.* I'll give you a good Diſh of *Anchovis* if it be ſo: I proteſt I'll try——But I can't believe it.

Fur. Try Mrs. *Sly*, and call me a thouſand Rogues if it be not ſo——but be ſure you go into the *Popes-Head* Tavern, and I'll be there to aſſiſt you———

Mrs. *Sly.* And ſo I will——I'll ſee if he ſpeaks truth.

Enter Mr. Sly.

Mr. *Sly.* How now Chicken, with whom have you left the Shop——had not you patience to ſtay till I came home?——

Rab. Sly. I left the Shop to be looked too by Brother *Suck-Thumb*, he's very honeſt, and I promiſed to ſend thee to him Chicken, that he may come to Mr. *Turbulent*.

Mrs. *Sly.* Out upon't, leave Mr. *Abednego Suck-Thumb* in the Shop, he's got into another World by this—— out upon't, he's looking in the Moon, not to the Shop——(But I'll watch your water I'll warrant you—— [*Exit*

Rab. Sly. Oh! it is the beſt and moſt diligent Wife as ever man had, Mr. *Furniſh*—— ſhe's ſo careful of her Shop ſhe's worth Gold——But Mr. *Furniſh*, I think you have forgot the little debt you owe me for Commodities?

Fur.

Fur. (Pox on him, he's dunning me too, but I'll stop his mouth—) I will pay it shortly Mr. *Sly*, I had forgot it indeed; but Mr. *Sly*, I hear a very ill report of your Wife, that she is continually railing against the Court-Ladies, and calls *Westminster Sodom* and *Babel*, preaches Lectures behind the Counter against Patches and Painting, and against the Pride and the Vanity of the Ladies of the other end of the Town——— and calls her betters *Jezabels* and Strumpets—— Mr. *Sly*, I am afraid she will be inform'd against———

Rab. Sly: Alas poor Chicken! ——— she thinks no hurt, she does it out of pure zeal——— Oh the iniquity of the times! ——— they are very enormous times truly Mr. *Furnish*.

Fur. Ay indeed, Mr. *Sly*, so they are, for People to pretend to Religion and have none, to go to Meetings and cheat at home, to speak against Swearing and Lye all day long, to Rail against Whoredom openly, and Kiss a Sister in private—— very enormous times Mr. *Sly*———

Rab. Nay, they are the Wicked that do so.

Fur. Nay, they are the pretended sanctified Brethren that do so.

Rab. Why do you accuse the good People so falsly? do you think they are like you?

Fur. No Mr. *Sly*, I do that openly which you do privately, your Conscience knows that —— but it is an abomination, yea a very great abomination and vileness in me, but in you 'tis but a backsliding, a slip and frailty of Nature.

Rab. Your Uncle will not own you in these accusations——— I shall let him know you are of a vile spirit———

Fur. In the mean time I will let you know that your dear Chicken knows how to be even with you Mr. *Sly*. *Rab. Sly.* Even with me! for what?

Fur. Oh, Oh———you know for what: she knows when to take her times——— when you are hearing Mr. *Windy* and Mr. *Little-sence*, she knows how then to take a turn in *Moor*-fields, or so.

Rab. Oh! this is intollerable——— don't scandalize my Chicken so, you had not best———

Fur. Why this 'tis to be incredulous——— believe your own eyes, you are to go to the Meeting to night——— when she thinks you fast, and you suppose her in the Shop, you may find her here walking in the lower Walk by the *Popes-Head* Tavern——— and will take a Collation or so.

Rab. Can this be true Mr. *Furnish*, (And why mayn't she transgress as well as I?——) I have a good mind to be satisfied.

Fur. 'Tis true as I tell you, I know those who have met her dress't up in her *Sunday*-Cloathes, perfum'd with Rose-Cakes, a flaunting Tower on her head, and all those shining Pimples in her face, hidden under black Patches, a yellow Hood, and a Vizard to keep her self unknown——— And in this very dress, if you please, you may meet her this night about twilight.

Rab. I would willingly satisfie my self—sure Chicken does not serve me so.

Fur. Come to me at the *Popes-Head* Tavern, and I'll furnish you with a Wigg, Hat and Campain Coat turn'd up with blew, so that she may not know you—— and you shall pick her up your self, and bring her to the Tavern and be convinc'd that I tell you no lye———

Rab. And I will——— 'tis a buſineſs of much concern——— if it be ſo, I find her Nature is frail, and ſhe is not yet ſo perfect as I took her to be. Well Mr. *Furniſh*, I'll meet you at the time——— but I can't believe that Chicken is falſe to me. I'll go into Mr. *Turbulent*——— [*Exit.*

Fur. So he's gone to exerciſe his Lungs with my Uncle *Turbulent*, to Rail againſt the Government, and the abominable Prophanation of the Times, and to ſpeak Treaſon in their little private Conventicle——— He's a ſweet Saint, but I hope to be even with him. *Enter Mr.* Cringe.

Fur. I ſee this is a dangerous place for me to enter into, here's dun after dun——— I can't ſhun him———

Crin. Mr. *Furniſh* hey, your moſt humble Servant Mr. *Furniſh*, 'tis a rare thing to ſee you hey———

Fur. Why ſo Mr *Cringe*, I am not ſuch a Monſter.

Crin. No, but you are never at home——— I have been at your houſe 40 times hey, and can never meet with you hey——— I thought you had been a man of your word hey——— did not you promiſe me the 100 Pound you owe me hey——— without fail at *Chriſtmaſs* laſt hey——— and now it is *July* hey———

Fur. (I muſt put him beſides this diſcourſe) If you call on me to morrow or next day Mr *Cringe*, I will give you a Bill upon a Banker in *Lumbard* Street; but pray Mr. *Cringe*, how goes ſquares between my Cozen *Lucia* and you——— when are you to be Married Man———

Crin. Why Mr. *Furniſh*, 'tis a ſecret——— but I'll tell you, it is ſooner than ſhe thinks for hey———

Fur. That's pretty. Marry and ſhe not know it——— what, you have got another Miſs———

Crin. No, I have got a Licence ready, and Mr. *Turbulent* has promiſed I ſhall be married to her to morrow hey, He'll make her conſent hey.

Fur. But do you think ſhe loves you Mr. *Cringe*?

Crin. Oh yes, ſhe loves me hugely hey.

Fur. Then you have the Art of Courtſhip——— ſhe's witty———

Crin. The Art of Courtſhip hey——— I court her after the beſt and neweſt way of Courtſhip hey.

Fur. How's that?

Crin. Why in brave Heroick Verſe——hey——— juſt as the great Heroes do in the Play-Houſe hey———

Fur. Then I ſee Mr. *Cringe*, you ſteal privately to Plays in the Afternoon, after you have been at a Meeting in the Morning.

Crin. I go only to ſee Civil Heroic Plays hey———

Fur. Indeed that is a moſt excellent faſhionable way of making Love. I'll tell you there is a Gentleman that I know, who is about to put all *Cook* upon *Littleton* into Heroicks, not blank Verſe but Rimes, and would have engaged me to have ſpoken to my Lady *Meddler* to get an order that the Lawyers ſhould plead in Verſe——— why I think they might as well go to Law in Rime, as make Love in Rime, 'twould make the Lawyers the more ſatyrical.

Crin. That would be excellent. *Cook* hey! I'll have that *Cook* when it comes out hey.

Furn. But Mr. *Cringe*, ſhan't I ſee ſome of your Poetry———

Crin.

Crin. I have a Copy of Verſes here, but they are not finiſhed hey, and tho I ſay it, they are the beſt Heroicks that ever were wrote hey, and that's a bold word hey. *[pulls Papers out.*

Fur. I hope they are not long——— I do not love long Stories in Verſe.

Crin. No, they are but a few hey—— but you may judge by them, 'tis a Dialogue between Mrs. *Lucia* and my ſelf hey.

Fur. A Dialogue: Oh! I love diſcourſing in Verſe, 'tis excellent——— come read it———

Crin. You muſt know hey, that Mrs. *Lucia* in a croſs fit hey, would have had me not to love her hey——— and you ſhall ſee how I have anſwered her hey——— I proteſt in as high ſtraines as ever were writ hey.

Fur. Pox on your preambles; read 'em——

Crin. Nay, I muſt make you underſtand hey—— look ye hey, *Lu. Well.*—— ſtands for *Lucia Well-bred*, and *Fin. Crin.* for *Finical Cringe* hey——— now mark ye——— *Fin. Crin.* begins——hem——Reads

Loves fire within me does ſo fiercely glow,
My heart flames out in Sacrifice to you,
Your pity which can never do you harm,
Will keep you from conſuming like a Charm——— Mark that hey——

Fur. Very good—— a high ſtrain.

Crin. Now *Lu. Well*——— replies——hem——

If common pity will your pain relieve
That is an Alms I'll not refuſe to give,
But could I Sir, reſemble your deſires,
In anſwering them with the like ſcorching fires;
We our own executioners ſhould prove,
And burn up one another with our love.

Mark that hey——— is it not excellent hey?

Fur. By my Faith (as *Ben Johnſon* ſays) a very high vapour, 'tis a ſtrain beyond *Ela Man*———

Crin. Hem——hem——now *Fin. Crin.* replies,

The flame of Love no water can aſſuage,——
It makes it blaze and roar with fierce and rage.———

Now *Lu. Well.*——— again——— mark———

Fur. I do——(that you are a Ninny) *Crin.* 'Tis 'cauſe you don't——

Fling on freſh Buckets as a faſter rate,
A cloſe ſupply its fury will abate———

Fur. She gives you good Counſel Mr. *Cringe*——— but what's that half Verſe, for with a long ſcratch was your Muſe jaded———

Crin. Oh, 'tis the faſhion to write ſo——— in imitation of *Virgil*———

Fur. Whether there be any reaſon for it or no——

Crin. Prethe let me go on——you'll forget the ſenſe hey, Mark how I anſwer hey, now *Fin. Crin.* again,

I'm quite tyr'd out, juſt like an o'rety'd Beaſt
That's ſinking, being with too much weight oppreſt.

Flo. Alas poor weary Ass——— an excellent Simile———

Crin. Nay, Mark what *Lu. Well.* says——

Then you should out aloud for succour cry——
To ease you in this sad necessity.

Then *Fin. Crin.* replies with a smart Repartee hey——

Oh! 'tis you only that can succour give,
And reaching out to death can make me live.

Fur. That's beyond my comprehension.

Crin. Mark again—— *Lu. Well.*—— *Speak then*——

Fur. Why what have you been doing all this while, that she bids you speak now? have you been talking all this while *Incognito?*

Crin. Pray Mark, You are so Critical—— hey

Speak then, And you shall see that I will prove
So kind, to give you any thing—— but Love——

Do'ye Mark that long Pause hey, 'tis fine that, and modish, as she had granted me all things, and then to dash it all with a *But* again, *But Love*—— hey is not that fine—— But then Mark how I answer. *Fin. Crin.*——

But Love—— Mark the long pause again hey

But Love—— *And that's the only thing I crave,*
Without it I were better in my grave.

Is not that an excellent conclusion——hey——

Fur. Why I thought you said you had not concluded them.

Crin. I do intend to make it longer hey, but for the present hey——

Fur. But for the present—— they are long enough of Conscience, but I must tell you Mr. *Cringe*, that you are a very Plagiary, and have stole this most excellent Dialogue out of a Play call'd *Loves Triumph*—— I see you deal in Plays as well as Sermons Mr. *Cringe.*

Crin. I protest *I* am the most unfortunate man alive Mr. *Furnish*, 'tis a very Thievish Age, for that Author stole 'em from me hey—— or else our fancies jumpt together hey——

Fur. It may be so Mr. *Cringe*—— well I must take my leave of you——

Crin. Pray don't speak of these Verses to Mrs *Lucia* hey—— I will surprise her with 'em hey—— your Servant Mr. *Furnish*, your very humble Servant—— [*with many fooliſh and antick bows*—— *Exit.*

Fur. Go thy ways for a silly, finical, conventicling, versifying Ninnehammer. *Enter* Lucia.

Fur. Cozen *Lucia*—— how is't? God give you joy Couz, I hear you are to be married to morrow.

Luc. (How the Devil came he to know that) Yes—so I am to day—— and will be till *I* am married; who told you so?

Fur. Your own dear Love——

Luc. (Sure he was not so impudent) My Love who's that?

Fur. Why he that's to marry you to morrow, Mr. *Cringe.*

Luc. (Oh is it there, I had like to have committed a mistake) that's suddenly indeed, and I know nothing of it.

Fur. 'Tis a Secret *Couz*, but you see I make none of it to you—— the Pop has got a Licence ready, and my Uncle has promised him to morrow, but I think you have more wit than to have such a Ninny.

Luc.

Luc. I thank you Cozen *Furnish* for this discovery, I see he drives hard, but I will prevent it—— I must take another course with this Coxcomb, and play the fool with him no longer.

Fur. Did not you tell me *Couz.* that you would let me see my Uncles Armour of Brown Paper——But you are a Wag, and put it upon him—

Luc. In truth Couzen *Furnish I* told you no lye, for he spoyl'd me three Silver Thimbles in making it, and spent me 6 *d.* in Needles—— He work'd harder than a Taylor before *East r* at it, for 6 Weeks lock'd up close in the Garrat, it is his own handy work every stitch on't, I'll assure you——

Fur. But what is it for?

Luc. You know he is terribly affraid of being laid up, or sent to Prison, for his Treasonable Speeches, his guilty Conscience tells him he deserves it, and though there's no danger at all, he and his Visioner has fram'd such dreadful fancies in their Heads, that he is afraid of his own shadow, and every noise of the Car-Men in the Street makes him fear a Massacre, or a Pursevant, and *I* know not what melancholly Chimera's.

Fur. But could he not have bought him Arms.

Luc. Oh no—— His Covetousness would not let him do that—— besides he was affraid he should have been suspected for a Plotter, if Arms had been found in his House.

Fur. But brown Paper would be but small defence to either Sword or Bullet.

Luc. I assure you he has made it Pistol Proof very near, and as to a Sword 'tis impenetrable.

Fur. 'Fore Gad I long to see these famous Arms.

Luc. And that you shall at night, and him in 'em, if you will but disguise your self like a Pursevant, or an Officer of the Guards, and get two or three Red Coates, and Musquets and Bandeleers, with which we'll furnish *Hangby*, *Pol* and one or two more, like Souldiers — and let me alone to fright him into his posture——

Fur. Faith, I have a design upon him, before night, but this pleases me so well, that I won't miss it—— in the mean time Couz farewel —— you shall see me at night—— [*Exit*

Enter Pollux.

Luc. Well *Pol.* what says Doctor *Quibus?*

Pol. He says he will be with you instantly, and swears *Morbleu*, the whole House is mad besides your self.

Luc. That's well—— 'Tis to prove 'em mad I send for him—— didst get the Certificate drawn fair that I scribl'd o're——

Pol. Yes, there 'tis—— [*Gives Paper* —— Reads.——

This is to Certify all whom it may concern, That Mr. Timothy Turbulent, *now dwelling in the lower Square in* Moor-fields *is not* Compos mentis, *but is de straught of his Senses, and fit for to be placed in the Charitable Hospital of* Bethlem *for Cure.*

Luc. I think 'tis well enough, this I'm sure Dr. *Quibus* will sign to, and for a Guinny I know I can have Doctor *Plush's* Hand.

Pol.

Pol. Ay, and that you and all the House are mad too for another Guinny.

Enter Suck-Thumb, *walking on the Stage with his Hat over his Eyes and Arms across.*

Suck. Peace be unto yee—— [*Exit.*

Luc. And to you also—There goes the Seer—do they meet to day *Pol*—

Pol. Ay——ay——they are going to exercise; Mr. *Rabsheca* is there already——But I shall shorten their Meeting by and by——I'le spoil it——

Luc. How

Pol. Oh, I have a Note from Mr. *Furnish* to fetch him to the *Popes Head-Tavern*——His good, dear Nephew knows how to charm him——But my old Mrs. must not know on't—— [*Exit.*

Luc. But I'le tell her on't, and send her like an Harpie among'st um—when they are in the midst of their sport——

Enter Cringe——*singing fal la la la*

Luc. Oh here's my finical sa——la——I'le make him change his Note instantly——I must leave fooling with this Fool.

Crin. [with many antick Ducks and Cringes] your Servant Madam *Lucia*, I kiss your fair hands hey——Mr. *Turbulent* is going to be busie hey, and so I left him hey.

Luc. And so am I——therefore pray leave me too——

Crin. I am not so ill-bred Madam *Lucia* hey——what to leave a fair Lady hey, and my Mrs. hey.

Luc. Mr. *Cringe* take notice that I leave you now for altogether; and that the Farce between us is ended: I am quite tyred with your Puppet-play, and I will have no more on't.

Crin. I don't understand you Madam *Lucia* hey——

Luc. Then I'le make you understand me hey—mark me, if from this instant you ever come to offer me any of the paultry Heroicks, or to make love to me, or to speak, say, or pretend, that I am your Mistress, or offer so much as by dumb show, or with your grimaces to make any Court to me: If I can not beat thee my self, I will have thee soundly lambasted, and well-favourdly kicked by some body else——do you understand me now.

Crin. This is very plain hey——you are but in jest sure hey——

Luc. You had not best put it to the Tryal—youl find I am in earnest——and that I tell you this in true, keen, and downright Iambicks, which is better than all your silly Heroicks.

Crin. Umh——this is tart hey——quite forsake me hey——

Luc. Yes, for I'll you have got a License hey——

Crin. (Oh this wicked Mr. *Furnish* has told her of the License and spoiled all.)

Luc. Come I'le advise you for old acquaintance sake, since you have been at the charge of taking out a Licence, tis but scraping out my name *Lucia Well-bred*, and putting in my Cousin *Priscilla Turbulent*, and all will be well again. She loves you, and there is 500 *l.* in Mr. *Furnishes* hand put out for her to my knowledg—Go I say, Court her, and get her; the business is half done already——for I swear to you Mr. *Cringe*, I would sooner lose all my portion,

portion, and let my Uncle *Turbulent* take it, than be married to such a simple, nonsensical, finical Ass as you are.

Enter Priscilla.

Crin. This is very plain Mrs. *Well-bred*——hey——

Luc. 'Tis very true Mr. *Cringe*—— (oh here she comes, if I could make these Extreams meet 'twould be excellent, and out of their disagreement frame an harmonious sound I should be a shee-*Orpheus*.

Crin. (I have a good mind to Court Mrs. *Priscilla* in very spight——that may make her come about hey——)

Luc. Cousin *Priscilla* I have been speaking a good word for you to Mr. *Cringe* here——he says he loves you very much — and I know you love him, he has many good parts: why should you not know one another better——Long Courtships, out of fashion——come Mr *Cringe* speak to her.

Crin. And so I will hey—— (I don't care a pin for you Mr. *Lucia* fa la la la fal la la ly do you think I doted on you? *To Mrs* Lucy hey——you are mistaken hey, and I will have Mrs. *Priscilla*, *aside sings* and she shall have your Portion hey——how do you like that hey——

Luc. Ay, ay, if you can get it—— [*Exit.*

Pris. (*aside*) I have a great fancy and desire for this man. I like his fine, airy humour; it will do well to mix with my heavy temper. I had best provide for my self whilest *I* may.

Crin. Do you love me Mrs. *Priscilla*——hey

Pris. Thou sayest so.

Crin. But *I* would have you say so——hey——

Pris. Plainly if it would do thee any good to know it; verily *I* have a kindness for thee.

Crin. That is well hey——and *I* will also be kind to you from this time forth—hey

Pris. I (I have soon made an end of the business hey, this is to the purpose hey. *I* can round, round, like a horse in a Mill with Mrs. *Lucia* hey, and am now where just where *I* began hey——A fig for Mrs. *Lucia*—*I'll* get Mrs. *Priscilla* in earnest if she will but love *Heroicks*——)

Crin. But Mrs. *Priscilla* shall *I* shew you some Verses——won't you love Verses——)

Pris. They are very vain and abominable, and used only among the prophane; they stink in the Nostrils of the Righteous.

Crin. Mrs. *Priscilla* we shall never agree if you will not let me write *Heroicks*, *I* shall never marry you.

Pris. I had best yield to him till *I* am married, and then *I* may convert him from that Pagan Trick of Versifying.

Crin. I will write *Hymns* and Lamentations.

Pris. Thou sayest well——plainly that will be very agreable to my dispensation——ha mayest write *Hymns* of Lamentation whilst the good people are under persecution.

(Calling within *Pris. Pris.* why *Pris.*) My mother calleth *Finical Cringe*, *I* shall be passing, but *I* am thine in the Love. [*Exit.*

Crin.

Cris. So, I have made a short hand of it hey — I shall get Mr. *Turbulent*'s Daughter, and Mrs *Lucia*'s Portion, for she'll Marry Mr. *Fairlove* hey, and then her Uncle won't give her a Groat hey — and so I shall have all — for he has no body else to give it to hey — a fig for Mrs. *Lucia*, hey, fal la la fa la la fa la ——— [*Exit Singing.*

Enter Mr. Turbulent, Sly, Suck-Thumb *and* Pollux.

Tur. Where is your Mistress *Paul*? *Pol.* In her Chamber Sir.

Tur. What is she doing? *Pol.* Cutting her Cornea.

Tur. Then she intends to go abroad to night — where is my daughter?

Pol In her Chamber, reading a piece of *Aristotle*'s Logick, call'd Problems, or hard Questions

Tur. Where is my Neece? *Pol.* She is in her Chamber at work.

Tur. They are all well employ'd — go Sirrah, see that the Doors be lock'd fast and bolted, let the outer Windows be shut up, that the sound of the Voice may not go forth — and be sure to stand at the Door that no body interrupt us, and give us notice if any come near — be you on your watch Sirrah ——— 'tis dangerous times friends, and 'tis wisdom to be cautious. Brother *Suck-Thumb* sit down — *Exit Pol.*] Come sit down, this is the most [*They sit*
private Room in the House we may speak free. ——— Are not these sad times Brother *Rabshaka*, that we must skulk thus in holes and corners — Oh the good times of *Nero*, when every one might think what he pleased, and speak what he thought, and never be questioned for't oh that was a gracious Heathen Emperor ——— } Suck. Thumb *pulls his Hat over his eyes, and puts his thumb in his mouth, leaning his elbow upon his other arm*

Sly. Or the good times of the Rump, when any one might rail against Kingly Government, and the idols of Monarcy, without check or controul. I tell you Brother *Turbulent*, it is a great tribulation to have ones zeal quenched ——— *Tur.* Ay Brother, so that we are fain to whisper in the Closet, when we should cry on the house-tops

Sly. Whilst the *Nimrods*, the *Nebuchadnezzars*, the *Balthazers*, and the oppressing *Pharaohs* ride in their Chariots, and on their Horses. *Tur.* Whilst the *Jezebels* and the *Athalias* run about like wild Colts, snuffing up the Wind. *Sly.* And yet we must be silent and our mouths must be muzzled, that we may not bray against those sad abominations — But I will speak, and I must speak, and I cannot but speak against Monarchy, which is the very tail of the Beast, that arises up with seven heads out of the Bottomless Pit.

Tur. 'Tis the Idol of the World and ought to be pull'd down, and laid in the Dust — It must be overturn'd — overturn'd — overturn'd — *Sly.* For it permits the wicked and abominable men to do what is good in their own eyes — and suppresses the fiery zeal, and the zealous fury of those who stand up for Reformation. *Tur.* And suffers the gathering together of Minstrels, and the noise of the Flutes, and the tinkling Cymbals in the Streets. *Sly.* And the Mor is dancers and the Rope-Dancers, the Puppet-Plays — the Bull-bating, the Bear-bating, the Horse-Races, and the Cards, and the Dice, oh abominable!

Tur. And the Players of Interludes, and the Men and the Women singers.

Sly. But *Babylon* must fall — — must tumble, must be pulled down —

Tur. And it shall fall, and it shall tumble, and it shall be pulled down — } Suck-Thumb *groans once or twice.* peace, brother *Suck-Thumb* has seen a Vision, he is about to speak — Brother *Abednego* what hast thou seen ——— [*He lifts up his Hat gravely.*

Suck. I was carried out of this carnal body into the World in the Moon and there I beheld a great Tree, whose Branches overspread the face of the earth. On the top of this Tree sat an Eagle, and a Crown upon his Head — And there came a mighty Dragon out of a River, running at the foot of this Tree, and Fire came out at his mouth, and he devoured the Tree, and the Eagle thereon.

Tur. Oh wonderful! hast thou the interpretation of this Vision given to thee? ———

Suck. Not yet — it may be revealed ———

Enter Pollux *gives* Mr. Turbulent *a Note, he goes aside and reads.*

Tur. 'Tis from my Nephew *Furnifs*, I hope he has got some money for me —

Dear Uncle, *I must needs speak with you about a very great concern and advantage to you. I am at the* Popes-Head-*Tavern, near your house, where I have got ready a Pottle of butter'd Sack, because I heard you had taken Physick, make hast, and let not my Aunt know of it.* Your loving Nephew *Furn.* Friends I have a very great concern that calls me away at this time, but we will meet again —

Sly. And I have also at this time some extraordinary business to go to Mr. *Furnifs*.

Suc. Peace be with you — I shall retire into the silence and wait ——— (*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second ACT.

The Third Act.

The Scene a Tavern.

Enter Furnish *and* Hangby *dreſs'd, with a broad brimm'd Hat, crop Hair, little Band, broad skirted Doublet, cloſe knee'd Breeches, a little black Cloak, faced down, &c.*

Fur. WHy, thou art dreſs'd in Quirpo — and ſo metamorphozed, that no body can know thee —

Hang. The right Cut of an *Amſterdam* Brother —

Furn. But you muſt alter your Voice —

Hang. I have the right twang of the Noſe — let me alone for both whine and goggle.

Fur. Thou art a pure Rogue — what ſhall your name be?

Hang. Oh! *Peregrine Pricket* —

Fur. It ſounds well — this Uncle of mine is at his Exerciſe, he'll hardly be here yet this hour.

Enter Sneak.

Oh, here's *Grin Sneak*, he won't know you in this Dreſs, — let's ſport with the Fool a while.

Sne. Are you buſie Mr. *Furniſh*? —

Fur. No *Grin.* — (*Aſide to* Sneak) Oh Sirrah, I have met with one of the rareſt Fellows in the World for Projects; — but he is a Stranger, and you may make your ſelf by him — he wants ſome body to promote his Buſineſs.

Sne. Say you ſo — let me alone for that — you know my Lady *Medler* is my true Friend —

Fur. Mr. *Peregrine Pricket*, pray know this Gentleman, Sir — he is of my Acquaintance — you'll find him a very ingenious Man, and one who is a great *Vertuoſo*, and lover of Rarities — one that has ſpent his whole Life in finding out rare Inventions.

Hang. You give him a friendly Character — Sir, your humble Servant — I am blunt, Sir, and a Traveller. [*embraces*

Sne. Your Servant Sir, I ſhall be happy in the Acquaintance of ſuch an ingenious man, as I underſtand you are: I have made it my buſineſs Sir, to find out many things for the good of the Commonwealth — But of all, I am pleas'd with one thing that I am now undertaking, that will make *England* happy, and will cauſe the Act of *Burying in Woollen* to be repealed.

Fur. That would do well, and be a great eaſe to the Heart of many an old Woman, who weeps and laments o're her lace Cut-work Smock, that has been laid up in Lavender for fifty years, to be buried in, and now muſt be wrapt in Woollen.

Hang. Indeed that is a beneficial Project — but I have one that will be much more beneficial to my ſelf, and to all the Land of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland* — I can take a Partner in with me; and yet upon the dividend reſerve 20000 pounds to my ſelf——

Sne. (— Oh God, this is a rare Fellow—I will get in with him—) Mr. *Pricket* (I think Mr. *Furniſh* calls you) pray let us conſer Notes together over a glaſs of Wine — Knocks ——

Enter Drawer.

Sirrah, fetch a Bottle of the beſt Claret ——

Fur. Jack, if my Uncle *Turbulent* comes to enquire for me, give me notice ——

Boy, I ſhall Sir. *Exit* Boy.

Fur. This Rogue has not Money to pay for this Bottle of Wine, and yet the joy of meeting this Projector, has put him into a Rapture, and given him ſome Confidence — who elſe is the ſneaking'ſt Puppy in the World — [*Aſide*

Well Gentlemen, ſit down, and be plain with one another like friends.

Sne. I ſhall not be thy Servant — look you here Sir, do you ſee this Lock of curious fine Flax, of which they may make Siſters Thread — and yet this Flax is made of the courſeſt Hemp in *England* ——

[*Pulls out a Lock of fine Flax, wrapt up in a Sheet of Paper.*

Hang. Indeed Sir, 'tis very fine — but when I was in *Flanders*, I met with a certain *Dutchman*, that made juſt ſuch out of Nettle Stalks, and was crying an hundred pound weight of Nettle-Seed, to ſow all the Fields about *Bruges*, of which he intended to make the fineſt ſort of Cambricks ——

Sne. That was extraordinary — of this Sir, I intend to make fine Holland, and by which I ſhall get *de claro*, ſixty pound a week, and ſo improve the Manufacture of Linnen in *England* that it ſhall be ſo plentiful within a few Years, that they ſhall be glad to bury it again under ground.

Boy bring Wine — (*Exit.*

Fur. Mr. *Peregrine*, I think now he will out-do you ——

Hang. Pray Sir, I confeſs he goes beyond me in Manufactures; but I aſſure you, I can go beyond him, or any man elſe at the Handy-craft Trade. I have made a Wimble to bore Hairs, which I can do ſo exactly, by the help of a Microſcope, that it cauſed the great Admiration of ſeveral *Vertuoſo's*

Sne. But of what uſe can that be? I love things that are beneficial to a Commonwealth.

Hang. Oh Sir, they are to make treble Flagellets for Ladies, that they may not ſpoil their mouths with the great ones ——

Sne. But this is but of little benefit to your ſelf — mine will bring me in 60*l.* a week ——

Hang. That I confeſs was by the by; but my great Project that will

will make us both rich, and which I have been this 17 years about, is an admirable Flea-trap, a Benefit the Commonwealth never yet received from all the *Virtuoso's*.

Sne. But the Profit as to us still? ——

Hang. I'll make it plain to you —— there are so many thousand Houses in *England*, now every House shall have one of these Traps for 1 *s.* a year, which I will be bound to furnish them with; now what Family in *England* would not be glad to have such a Trap, to catch all their Fleas? They would think it the best shilling that ever was given in their Lives, and pay it willinglier than Hearth-money ——

Sne. 'Fore Gad, 'tis a rare Invention, and exceeding beneficial! but have you made Tryal of it?

Hang. Yes—Yes— I have a Compost of a strange faculty, which will draw all the Fleas in the House into the Trap — I made Tryal of it the other day for a Wager, and enticed a Flea out of a Ladies warm Bosom, which a Gentleman had made a Copy of Verses on ——

Sne. That was admirable— I will speak to my Lady *Medlar* to get a Patent, that none shall make of these Traps for seven years but your self.

Hang. Why, that's it I would have, and judge you if there be but 500000 Houses in *England* (as there are the Lord knows how many more) and that we have twelve pence a House yearly, to what a brave Estate it will amount; and this also may be got for *Scotland* and *Ireland*, perhaps at 2 *s.* a Trap, because they want them more; you shall go halves with me —

Hang. And I'll get it done for you I'll warrant you — I have great Interest at Court, and I'll make it my business —— (*Aside.* This was a happy encounter, and the most feasible and rationable I ever undertook.

Enter Drawer.

Boy. Sir, Mr. *Turbulent* is below, shall I send him up?

Fur. Ay, ay — send him up Sirrah, is the Pottle of Butter'd Sack ready I spoke for?

Boy. Yes Sir.

Fur. Bring it up, and some Manchets to sop in it —— shew these Gentlemen another Room, you Rogue. Go Gentlemen, and discourse your Affairs in the next Room, till I have occasion for you.

[*Exeunt* Sneak *and* Hangby.

I must first mollifie the Heart of my dear Uncle, before I can attempt my Business, and he will not drink with Strangers —— Oh here comes the Sick Man ——

Enter Mr. Turbulent.

Tur. Coughs, ugh—ugh—ugh— Nephew, you are a strange man, to send for me out of Doors, when I have taken Physick, ugh—ugh—ugh —— I fear I have gotten Cold already, that I have ——

Fur. Come Uncle, I have got some good butter'd Sherry; 'tis the best thing in the world after an Emetic. Boy, bring Wine and Manchets. *(Exit*

Tur. Your Doctor *Quibus* thinks I'm mad, and gives me Pills of Hellebore to cure me——Let me tell you, he's a very ignorant abusive Fellow, that he is.

Fur. A mere Quack—but he has rare medecines. Come let him go—Uncle, here's a good draught to you—'twill breed good blood—— *[Drinks*

Tur. 'Tis pure good and comfortable—'tis very hot *(Drinks and pauses* But Nephew, what is the earnest business you sent for me about?

Fur. I'll tell you anon—Drink off your Cup first; 'tis good to keep out the cold——

Tur. Well Nephew, I'll drink to you—*(Drinks—)* 'tis very extraordinary good——

Fur. I'm glad you like it, Uncle——

Tur. But Nephew, when shall I have the 500 *l.* you have promised me. If none thrive better by merchandizing than I did, there will be few Aldermen.

Fur. Well Uncle, I shall pay you all very shortly with 30 *per cent.* Interest—You will see me in a very fair way to be Lord Mayor of *London.*

Tur. Would I could, Boy—I always had a kindness for thee—*(Drinks, Furnish fills his Cup—)* 'Tis so hot it makes me sweat.

Fur. *(It begins to make him glow already.—How he sucks it down!—)* 'Tis very good Uncle; you don't drink—Come a Health to my Aunt.

Tur. Pish, an old woman without teeth—I'll drink no Healths; but if you'll begin a Remembrance to my Lady *Medler*, I'll pledge you—Oh that's a very loving Lady, and the best of a Court Lady I ever met with.

Fur. Come away then, here's to her.

Tur. I'll think of her. *(Drinks all)*

Fur. He begins to be warm. *(Fills again.)* Come Uncle, t'other dish, and I'll tell you my business.

Tur. Come then, under the Rose, to your Mistress.

Fur. Well remember'd—— Bravely done—— I'll pledge you a Brimmer. *(Fills Cups again.*

Tur. Truly methinks it has done me good—hem—hem—'tis a very excellent Creature—it cheers the heart—you can't think how light I am——But your business?

Fur. I am always studying your good Uncle—— A Cat does not watch so diligently for a Mouse, as I do for opportunities of serving you——Nay if you won't drink I won't tell you any more.

Tur. I do Nephew——come what is it? *(Drinks.*

Fur. I have met with a Gentleman of *Cumberland*, one *Mr. Peregrine Pricket*, who has been in *Holland* these 7 years; his Father was a great *Olivarian*, and he is of the right stamp a Commonwealths man; his father died this last Christmas, and has left him 400 *l.* a year, which he is now going to take possession of.

Tur.

Tur. And what's all this to me? (*Drinks.*

Fur. Nay, if you han't Patience to hear —— why, he's a Batchelor, and wants a Wife; I having a great Intimacy with him, have recommended my Cousin *Priscilla* to him, and let him know, I had 500 *l.* of hers in my Hand, put out for her Portion —— and he promised me to meet me here by and by —— for which end I sent for you, that you might see him, and discourse about it.

Tur. Four hundred pound a year say you ——

Fur. Ay, four hundred pound a year, and one also to your hearts wish —— He has been bred up so long in *Amsterdam*, that he says, the very smell of Monarchical Air, makes him sick, and is rankes in his Nostrils than Lamp Oyl, or stinking Butter.

Tur. That's a man cut out for me —— but will he rail bravely against the Times? Hah! may a man speak freely to him without fear——

Fur Oh, 'tis his whole delight; 'tis the true Liberty of a Butter-Box —— He'll speak against Governors and Magistrates, as if they were Scavengers or Chimney-sweepers —— and as reverently of Princes and Lords, as if they were Tapsters and Hostlers ——

Tur. A rare Fellow —— I love him already —— but you know *Prisc.* is a Quaker —— how will he like that?

Fur. 'Twill please him the better, he is a *Muggletonian*; and as for manners, has as little as any Quaker of them all, and as for Thee and Thou, he says, it was the Language of *Adam* and *Eve*——

Tur. A rare Fellow indeed —— better and better (*Drinks.*) Well Dear, Dear, loving Nephew, I can't but hug thee for this news —— This welcome Tidings, and the good Wine has chear'd my Heart—— Come Nephew, have you forgot all your Old Songs ——

Fur. No Uncle, I will sing any that you like.

Tur. Oh sing the Hymn of the High-way-man ——

Fur. What —— I keep my Horse, I keep my Whore?

Tur. I, that —— that ——

Fur. (So now it begins to work —— what pains am I fain to take, to open the close-lock'd-heart of this covetous Uncle of mine) well I'll sing it Uncle.

[*Sings an Old Song.*

I keep my Horse —— I keep my Whore,
I take no Rents, yet am not poor ——
I travel all the Land about,
And yet was born to never a foot
With Partridge plump, and Woodcock fine
I do at Midnight often dine;
And if my Whore be not in Case,
My Hostess Daughter takes her Place.
The Maids sit up, and watch their turns;
If I stay long the Tapster mourns.
The Cook-maid has no mind to sin,

[*Turbulent* sets himself in an antick Posture, staring with his eyes, and holding his hands like a Changeling, singing after him all the while —— nodding his Head up and down.

The

Tho' tempted by the Chamberlain:
But when I knock, Oh how they buſtle,
The Hoſtler yawns, the Geldings juſtle;
If Maid but ſleep, Oh how they curſe her,
And all this comes of deliver your Purſe Sir.

Tur. Oh that once again, dear Nephew —— Sings, but when I knock, &c.—— [Furniſh *knocks and whiſpers the Drawer.*

Fur. (Bid the Gentlemen in the next Room come in, I have wrought him up to the right Cue ——now can I mould him like Wax.)
Oh Uncle, here's the Gentleman I ſpoke to you of.

Enter Hangby *and* Sneak.

Mr. *Peregrine Pricket* —— your Servant Sir —— This is my Uncle Sir I ſpoke to you of.

Hang. Sir I ſhall be happy to be made known to you.
[*Gravely ſaluteing and embraceing.*

Tur. I have heard of your worth Sir, by my good Nephew, here, will you ſit Sir, and do as we do? I was not very well, and my good Nephew has provided for me ſome butter'd Sack —— Sir, here's to you. [*Drinks.*

Hang. Mr. *Furniſh* has promiſed to furniſh me with a Commodity that I want —— a Wife Sir —— and has told me of a Daughter of yours, Mrs. *Priſcilla*, I think he call'd her, a very Religious and Godly Virgin — 'Tis my deſire, Sir, to marry into a Religious Family— I am newly come to my Eſtate, and will ſettle 200 *l.* a year Joynture: As for her Portion, I know it already, I dare take Mr. *Furniſhe's* word for it.

Tur. I ſee Sir, we ſhan't be long a making up this Match; I like you, and your Eſtate, and you like me and the Portion; now if you and my Daughter like one another, the Buſineſs is done.
[*Whilſt they are talking,* Furniſh *and* Sneak *go out.*

Hang. No queſtion but I ſhall like her, I have heard ſo much of her many Excellencies and good Qualities; the worſt that I know of her, is her Skill in Logic; I do not love to have my Wife have more Logic than I; ſhe'll ſay or do any thing, and prove it by Logic.

Tur. Indeed you ſay true —— I have told her often of it, and that ſhe ſhould not love Reaſon ſo well —— Indeed I muſt confeſs, Logic is her worſt fault —— but when ſhe is married, you'll find other Buſineſs for her than poring in Logic Books.

Hang. I was a while at School at *Leyden*, and if I can remember any of my Old Leſſons, I'll Court her that way ——

Tur. that will win her Heart —— but 'tis no matter, Mr. *Pricket*, I have the Spirit of Government, and ſteer the Helm of the Commonwealth in my own Family —— ſhe ſhall have you ——like or like not ——and it ſhall be as I pleaſe——I am the Speaker in my Family.

Hang. But that will be too tyrannical to compell her —— but if there be the major Voices of the Family, I think ſhe may then be lawfully compelled ——

Tur.

Tur. You say very well, and it shall go by your Voices —— I see you are a true Commonwealths-man —— But we live in sad times——

Hang. Ay, Times of *Ægyptian* Darkness.

Tur. Whilst Men eat, and drink, and rise up to play ——

Hang. Till their Eyes cannot look out with Fatness.

Tur. They wallow in the Puddle of Filthiness.

Hang. And roll themselves in the Sink of Sin —— Oh, the Riotousness and Wickedness of this Age ——

Tur. The Villanies, the Whoredoms, the Fornications, the Adulteries, the Pride, Folly, and Vain-glory of this Age.

Hang. This wanton, luxurious, exorbitant, abominable, scurrilous, cheating, bribing, cousining, and treacherous Age—

Tur. This libidinous, licentious, lacivious, lying, lazie, latitudinarian Age—

Hang. (He has a most run me out of Breath—He is too well practic'd at this sport) well Sir, in the mean time, here's to you—I'll ha your Daughter, and Joynter her bravely—

Enter Drawer *hastily.*

Boy. Oh Sir. Mr. *Furnish* is taken below with an Execution, and the Serjants are having him away to Prison—

Tur. What ill Chance is this—just as I am about the preferment of my Daughter—

Enter Furnish, *Sneak*, *Serjants*—

Fur. Uncle if you don't help me at this pinch I am undone—I had got Money to have paid this, but only my promise to meet Mr. *Prickt* and you here made me neglect it— [*Whispers* Turbulent.

'Tis but for 50 *l.* don't spoil your Daughter's Fortune, and play the Fool to deny it—He shall be bound with me to you for it—

Tur. You are a strange man that you are—I protested and vow'd, I'd nere lend you any more, and yet you have such fetches—I think I'm bewitch'd with you.

Fur. Speak softly—don't spoil your Daughters Fortune for 50 *l.* he has 400 *l.* a Year, I know he'll be bound, but has no Money at present—

Tur. If he'll be bound with you and Mr. *Sneak*, I'll do it for this once—

Fur. Thank you Uncle—Well Serjants, if you'll go into the next Room and call for a Bottle of Wine, I'le give you a Note to receive the Money. and pay you for your Civility—

Serj. We will Sir— [*Exeunt* Serjants.

Fur. (Aside to *Hangby*) If I had not made him drunk, he would have let me agon to Tiburn, before he would have parted with 50 *l.* and spoil'd his Daughter *Priscis* Fortune to boot—

Hang. But where hadst thou these counterfeit Serjants so readily—

Fur. Oh I had them ready at hand—I had lai'd my design—now second me—

Well

Well Uncle, I have perſwaded Mr. *Prickt* and Mr. *Sneaky* to be bound with me to you in a 100 *l.* Bond for the payment of 50—I have a Blank Bond ready—I'll fil it up—and do you in the mean time draw a Note upon Mr. *Scribble* your Scrivener, that will ſerve—

[*Draws out Bond and Pen and Ink*—

Tur. Well Nephew you are the ſtrangeſt man, I know not how to deny you any thing—but what time?—Nephew, ſet your day and be punctual. [*Strokes him on the head.*

Fur. I'll deſire it but for a Month, and you ſhall have 20 *s.* and a Collation when I pay it, for your kindneſs.

Tur. Well fill up the Bond—

Enter Mrs. Turbulent.

Mrs. Tur. Oh Mr. Turbulent, Mr. Turbulent, I am ſorry at heart, and grieved in Spirit to ſee you within the walls of a vile and abominable Tavern—I am afraid it is as Dr. *Quibus* ſays, you are not in your right Senſes, to ſet your foot within this unſanctified and Anti Chriſtian Houſe, this Image of *Babel*. Does not Anti Chriſt hang out at the door for a Sign, the very Image of the Beaſt, with his Trible Crown, and the Buſh of the *Babyloniſh* Whore hanging before him: Oh Mr. *Turbulent* it is abominable, and you are become defiled—

Fur. What a miſchief is this—the Devil has outwitted me, and ſent this Furie before the Bond was ſeal'd— [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Turbulent *runs to the Table, and ſnatches up the Bond.*

Mrs. Tur. What is this you are doing—are you entering indeed into more Bonds—Oh that wicked, curſed, abominable Nephew of yours, that will utterly undo you at laſt, and leave you not worth one groat—He has already drawn you into ſo many Bonds and Obligations, that you'll have nothing ere long, but muſt be fain to beg thorow the Grate at *Ludgate*—

Fur. Good Aunt be pacified—

Mrs. Tur. I won't be pacified, and he ſhall not be bound in Bonds, and I will ſee what it is, and I will look on it my ſelf—

[*Pulls out her Spectacles.*

Tur. You're an Aſs, and Fool, meddle with your own matters, and go about your buſineſs, who ſent for you hither——

Mrs. Tur. This is my buſineſs, and this my matters, and I will ſee what 'tis—— [*Puts on her Spectacles,* Mr. Turbulent *ſtanding in the middle, and* Mr. Furniſh *and* Sneak *on each ſide with Hats off,* Hangby *at a diſtance as if amazed.*

Tur. You're a Fool, 'tis Latin and you can't underſtand it.

Mrs. Tur. You're a Coxcomb, I underſtand it as well as your ſelf—but I'll tell you, 'tis the Language of the Beaſt, and one of the Confuſions of *Babel*; reads *Noverint univerſity*—— [*Puts off her Spectacles when ſhe ſpeaks, then puts them on again every time.*

Tur. Away you old doting Dunce, read the Condition let the Bond alone.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Tur.* I will not read the Condition, I will have no Conditions, and there shall be no Bonds; and if I can't read it I'll carry it to my brother *Mopus* of *Grays Inn*, and he shall read it—— Reads *Noverint university*; I thought what 'twas.

Tur. 'Tis not *university*.

Mrs. *Tur.* 'Tis *university*——and the wicked, abominable *universities*, where the Youth are trained up in all the vile Languages of *Babel*.

[*Falls into a Fit of Coughing; her Spectacles fall down.*

Fur. So her Eyes are gone, I hope——they are broke——would she were choak'd——Good Aunt, drink a Glass of wine, 'twill stop your Coughing; you speak too fast.

Mrs. *Tur.* I'll drink none of your unsanctified liquor of the Devil's brewing, that causes Drunkenness, Fornication, Whoredom, Adultery, Fightings, Brawlings, Cheatings, Trepannings, Cozenings, and all the villany and abomination that is committed in these lewd houses of Sin, Iniquity, and Pollution— Coughs again— Oh get me a little water—

[*Knock, Enter Boy.* —— hast thou any water in the house?

Boy. Yes very good, from *Annisacleer*, the best as ere you drank.

Mrs. *Tur.* Fetch me some quickly——

Fur. You Rogue, bring up a Bottle of White-wine and a Beer-glass. ——quickly Sirrah, no water. [*Exit Boy.*

Hang. Mr. *Turbulent*, I fear you cannot well steer the Helm of Government in your own family; Mrs. *Turbulent* is very rough, she seems not to be satisfied.

Tur. I will let her alone here, but when she comes home I will reprove her in the heat of my zeal, and she shall be satisfied.

Enter Boy and Wine, fills, gives to Mrs. Turbulent.

She is coughing still.

Fur. Here Aunt, here is a Glass of water——but I should think you had better drink wine.

Mrs. *Tur.* Not in this unhallowed place——I think this water is not very clear.

Fur. 'Tis very good, drink it up. [*She drinks it off.*

Mrs. *Tur.* 'Tis very good water, and relishes well——where do you get this water?

Boy. We have it come into the Cellar in Pipes.

Mrs. *Tur.* My Pipe-water is not half so good as this; Mr. *Turbulent*, I will have of the same water as this is, 'tis very pleasant tasted water.

[*Mr.* Turbulent *begins to heave as if he would vomit.*

Oh Mr. *Turbulent*, thou art overcome with the creature; thou hast committed vileness in the sight of the people, and drunk beyond thy measure—— [*Coughs again.*

Fur. Hold your prating, you will spoil your Daughters preferment— Hark, I tell you the business. [*Whispers this.*

Fur. Here Aunt, stop the coughing—— I hope 'twill mollifie the irascible quality. [*Drinks it up.*

Mrs. Tur. Oh this filthy Cough —— it interrupts me —— give me the Water —— [*Drinks it up.*

Fur. Would it would choak thee too for me —— Is it not good Water? ——

Mrs. Tur. Oh 'tis very excellent Water — is it as Mr. *Turbulent* tells me? ——

Fur. Yes —— Yes —— he has 400 *l.* a Year, and offers to Joynter my Cousin in 200 *l.* and you had like to spoil all ——

Mrs. Tur. Nay, if it be so, I shall rest satisfied —— [*Coughs again.*

Fur. (God a mercy Wine, the would not hear before —— I find it is of a mollifying Nature) give another Glass of Water to my Aunt; Doctor *Quibus* says it is very good against the Cough.

Mrs. Tur. And he is a very Learned Doctor, I assure you.

Tur. Boy, Drawer —— shew me another Room where there is a Bed, I must lie down a little ——

Boy. I will Sir ——

Tur. Lead me Boy —— [*Exit with the Boy.*

Fur. Bless me, my Uncle is stole out to take a Nap; if he grows sober, he'll ne're sign the Note I have drawn for the 500 *l.* —— Come *Hangby*, let's follow him and get it done while he's in the Humor.

Hang. I do intend to make Mrs. *Priscilla* my wedded Wife.

Mrs. Tur. Indeed Sir, I understand as much —— I was too passionate, and did not understand your worth, and that you were not one of the wicked of the Earth; but selected from this Generation of Vipers ——

Han. It was the Cause of Matrimony that drew me into this place, and engaged me into the Temples of the Ungodly ——

Mrs Tur. I am extreamly satisfied in your Behavior and Company — Where's Mr. *Turbulent*?

Fur. He's gone to lie down a little on the Bed in the next Room — Let us get him to sign the Bond to my Uncle presently —— [*Whispers to* Mrs. Turbulent.

Mrs. Tur. Mr. *Pricket*, let us go in to Mr. *Turbulent* —— I will send for my Daughter *Prisc.* for once into this place —— thou hast made the House of Uncleanness pure by thy Presence. Shew us the way, Nephew *Furnish* —— [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Sly *and* Drawer.

Sly. Will you tell Mr. *Furnish* I am here, and desire to speak with him?

Boy. presently Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

Sly. I shall now see whether he accuses my Chicken falsly —— I am something hard of Belief —— yet I may judge of her by my own Frailty; all Flesh is subject to back-sliding.

Enter Furnish *and Boy.*

Sly. You see I am come Mr. *Furnish*, I walk'd round the Walk and could not see my Chicken, I believe you scandalize her ——

Fur.

Fur. That you shall know presently——Boy, fetch me the Periwig, Hat, and Coat I gave you to lay up.

Boy. I shall. Sir. [*Exit Boy.*

You will find your error, Mr. *Sly*, that you should not believe your self a Cukold — Do you think your blew-apron'd Shopkeepers wives to be more chast than the Court Ladies?——I'll convince you.

Enter Boy——they dress Sly *with Wig, Coat, Hat;*

Nay, you shall have a Sword too, else perhaps she'll refuse you——You shall have mine. [*Puts on his Sword.*

Sly. I think she can't know me.

Fur. No, not if you alter a little the squeeking of your voice—You must speak little——You'll find her willing without much courting—Come hither Mr. *Sly*, look yonder;— what think you of that Gentlewoman? [*Looks out at the door.*

Sly. I protest and vow 'tis my Chicken, I know her by her amble; 'tis the right motion of her Buttocks—— I'll be with her —— presently—— [*Exit Sly.*

Enter Hangby.

Hang. So, you have the Note for the 50 *l.*

Fur. Safe enough, Boy— and will have the money to morrow morning; but where's my Aunt?

Hang. She is within, and grown the kindest loving Soul as ever you knew——I was fain to steal out to get a little breath—— she has sent for her daughter *Pris* too.

Enter Mrs. Sly drest alamode.

Fur. Go in again, I have a little business with this Gentlewoman; I'll come to you instantly. [*Exit Hangby.*

Mrs. *Sly.* Well Mr. *Furnish*, I have walk'd twice round and can't meet my Chicken—— there's never such a man as you describ'd him to be.

Fur. No!—come hither Mrs. *Sly*, look yonder, what think you of that Gallant with a long tail trailing after him? [*Looks out at the door.*

Mrs. *Sly.* Ods heartlikins 'tis my Chicken, I know him by his Dog-trot and Spindle-shank'd Legs——'tis he, I'll to him——Have I caught you indeed! [*Exit.*

Enter Mr. Turbulent, *Mrs.* Turbulent, Hangby.

Tur. Come Nephew, why do you leave us? we can't be without your good company.

Fur. I was just a coming, having dispatch'd an affair of consequence——where's Mr. *Sneak?*

Mrs. *Tur.* I have sent him for my daughter *Pris*——Mr. *Pricket* shall see her, that he shall.

Enter Sneak *leading in* Priscilla.

Oh here she comes——

Tur. Daughter, I have brought a Gentleman to be acquainted with you——

Prif. Nay——thou haſt ſent for me to be acquainted with him——thou makeſt not a true propoſition.

Tur. Goſſip, you had beſt tell me I lie.

Prif. I ſay it not—thou mayſt ſay it—But what ſeeketh this man?

Hang. Mrs. *Priſcilla*, I ſeek thee for my wedded wife, that is the end of my ſeeking. What ſayſt thou, doſt thou like me?

Prif. Thy propoſition is not Hypothetical.

Hang. But it is Hypothetical, and may be either Conditional, Copulative, or Disjunctive.

Prif. He ſpeaks rationally——thou ſayſt well, what is thy name?

Hang. I am called *Peregrine Pricket*.

Prif. I like not thy name.

Tur. Are you chopping Logick indeed?——I'll make you like both his name and him too.

Hang. Pray Sir, be not in the poſtpredicament of oppoſition——ſhe miſtakes the *genus* of my name——But Mrs. *Priſcilla*, *nomen* is *quaſi notamen*, a certain Image by which the King is known, and is the *vocabulum proprium* whereby we name a thing; or *vocabulum quodlibet*, by which ſomething is underſtood. I am called *Peregrine Pricket*, that is a Travelling Buck.

Prif. Thou haſt ſpoken demonſtratively, and I am reconciled to thy ſenſe. But in what Relation doſt thou ſtand?

Hang. [*This is a rare Wench, ſhe'll do in Logic.*] I ſhall tell you my buſineſs in a Categorical propoſition.

Prif. Let it then conſiſt as it ought, of one Subject, one Predicate, and one Copula.

Tur. Shitten come ſhites, leave your Moods and the Figures of your Copula's y'had beſt, and go to the buſineſs: do you like Mr. *Pricket* for a Husband?

Prif. Thy queſtion may be determined univerſally, ſingularly, or particularly.

Tur. You're an univerſal, ſingular, and particular crack-brain'd Baggage, I'll make you know me and leave diſputing. [*Offers to ſtrike, is hindered.*

Prif. I fear thou art diſguiſed, and haſt taken too much of the creature, and drank of the polluted Springs which flow in theſe Cellars of the wicked. [*Enter Mr. Sly and Mrs. Sly.*

Sly. Have I caught you indeed!——Oh you Harlot!

Mrs. *Sly.* Have I found out your haunts you wicked whoremaſter Rogue?

Sly. Oh you cuuning Gipſie, this ſhan't ſerve your turn.

Mrs. *Sly.* Oh you beaſtly Hypocrite! what make you in this diſguiſe, with theſe Babyloniſh Garments, and the Sword of Perdition by thy ſide hunting after the Harlots in the twilight?

Sly. Oh you painted *Jezabel*, with the Devils Patches on thy Face, and the frizled Hair on thy Forehead, that ſtandeſt here at the Corners of the Walls, to draw Young Men to Lewdneſs—— Oh thou *Midianitiſh* Woman! Mrs.

Mrs. Sly. Oh thou luſtful *Zimri* —— Thou abominable *Philiſtine*!

Sly. I thought thou had'ſt been looking to thy Shop.

Mrs. *Sly.* I thought thou had'ſt been hearing Mr. *Windy* ——

Sly. Yes, you thought me ſafe enough, you Strumpet ——

Mrs. *Sly.* Ay, you thought me faſt enough, you Villain.

Sly. Did I take pity of you for this, when you ran about to all the Meetings in Town, to get a Husband, and left off your vain Attire, and put your ſelf into the preciſe Cut and Form — but I ſee you were a rank Hypocrite —— Oh you luſtful Woman —— am I one to make a Cuckold of?

Mrs. *Sly.* Away you pretended Zealot —— let me tear out his Eyes —— [*Falls on him, and pulls off his Wigg — they hold her.*

Fur. I am amazed —— Oh Mr. *Rabſhecah* *Sly.* — I am amuſed to ſee thee transformed into the Shape of the Unrighteous; it will be a Scandal to all the good People: The Weekly Pamphlets will revile thee —— Oh Brother, thou art fallen ——

Sly. Why d'ye accuſe me, that art worſe thy ſelf, I ſee thou art drunken, and wallowest in thy Iniquity —— Was it for this Mr. *Turbulent*, you were in ſuch haſte to break up the Meeting, to come into this lewd place? ——

Fur. Hah, hah, hah, hay — How theſe Hypocrites begin to lay open themſelves! How often have they lick'd one another, as Bears do their Cubbs, into a ſhape of Sanctity; or as Horſes, nabbing one another, with the Delight of railing at the Wicked? And now ——

Hang. They turn their Inſides outward, and appear in their true ſhapes —— a formal Saint without, a very Beaſt within ——

Mrs. *Tur.* Mr. *Prick-t*, pray be not ſcandalized at theſe things ——: I perceive 'tis the Frailty of the Fleſh, and they are both fallen from their firſt Station.

Hang. I, ſo they are; they have found one another faulty, it is beſt to make up the Breach.

Priſ. Phillipaſty, Thou art in the ſame Predicament with thy Huſband, you are both diſguiſed, therefore thou oughteſt not to exclaim, but let the matter be ſifted by Diviſion and Sub-diviſion, that ſo the Truth may be found out ——

Mrs. *Sly.* Prittle — prattle — let me alone —— leave me, don't hold me; let me come at the Whore-maſter-rogue; I will give him a Mark: I will ſtrip him of his wicked Habiliments —— [*Pulls off his Coat, Sword, &c.*

Enter Conſtables, with man of the Houſe.

Man. Come, take 'em away to Juſtice *Right-or-wrong*, away with 'em; do they come here to make a Diſturbance, and to bring a Scandal upon my Houſe? Away with 'em both Mr. *Conſtable* —— the Juſtice will find out the matter ——

Fur. Hah, hah, hah —— I think I am even with 'em [*Seiſe Sly, and Mrs. Sly — carry them forth.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Tur. This is the place of Confusion, I will retire —— Mr. *Pricket*, I hope you will come to my House; we shall there discourse matters betters ——

Hang. I shall not fail to visit you ——

Mrs. Tur. Come Mr. *Turbulent*, let us depart in peace; I am sorry for the falling away of Brother *Sly* — his Gifts were many ——

Tur. I will go with you ——

Fur. Mr. *Sneak*, pray do the kind Office for me, as to wait on my Aunt home —— I have a little Business with Mr. *Pricket* ——

Tur. Nephew, good Night —— Mr. *Pricket*, I shall be glad to see you at my House ——

Hang. I shall wait on you to morrow — [*Exeunt all but* Furnish *and* Hangby.

Fur. Ay, that you shall to night — you Rogue.

Fur. This 50 *l.* was easily got, I was damnably afraid of it, when I saw the Dragoness my Aunt come in —— Come in, I have another Shape to put thee in to night —— Come away ——

Fools are a Prey to Knaves, small Knaves to great,
Cullies to Gamesters; the whole World's a Cheat. [Exeunt.

The End of the Third Act.

The Fourth Act.

The Scene Mr. *Turbulent*'s House.

Enter Fairlove *and* Friendly.

Fri. WEll Frank, since 'tis so decreed; and that the Law of thy own Will has pass'd upon thee, I will be so much a Friend, as not to leave thee till I see the Execution of Matrimony executed.

Fair. And my Body fairly bestow'd in the Arms of *Lucia*.

Fri. Let it be so then; I'll see thee fairly noos'd, and then buried, and so I'll leave thee —— The Report you have given me of this House, makes me afraid of Hobgoblins.

Fair. They are all abroad, and my Angel *Lucia* left its Guardian only at this time.

Fri. I dread that Finical Fellow *Cringe* ——

Fair. Prethee learn to laugh at the Follies of the World as I do; for me thinks, nothing can be more ridiculous, than to see a man angry with Apes and Monkies, for acting their Natures; I tell thee they are made on purpose to make wise men laugh.

Fri. I know not what Temper my Spleen is made on; but they rather turn my Stomach, than make me smile. [*Enter* Lucia.

Fair. You see, dear *Lucy*, I am diligent to obey your Commands.

Luc. You do but set me a Pattern of what I must do all my Life time after to morrow.

Frien.

Frien. But what necessity is there, Madam, that both of you must be so heavily yok'd? Can't you keep together in a fair Pasture, without a Clog about your Heels, or a Yoak about your Necks —— 'Faith Madam, if you'd follow my Advice, you should take one another's Words.

Luc. I doubt, Mr. *Friendly*, you would hardly put out 1000 *l.* without some other Security than the bare word of your Trustee; and though I dare trust all my dearest Concerns into the Hands of Mr. *Fairlove*, upon the Security of his Word; yet since it is customable for Form-sake, we will enterchangeably enter into the Bonds of Matrimony.

Fri. I see you are resolv'd, and that no Reasons nor Persuasions can change you. This Custom is a plaguy thing: There's no Remedy for Time out of mind; because our Fathers and Mothers, and great, great Grand-fathers and Grand-mothers wore those Bonds of Marriage, we must.

Fair. Prethee *Friendly*, leave off, did not you promise me you would say no more?

Fri. 'Tis hard to see you on a Precipice, and not warn you of it —— I'll say no more; here's my Hand on't, but I'll go with you, as one Friend does with another, that is, going to the Gallows, with a great deal of Grief and Compassion, to see you fairly Halter'd.

Enter Pollux.

Pol. Madam *Lucia*, your Uncle and Aunt are returned from the Tavern; but so chirping and merry, their Eyes twincle, their Tongues run, and their Faces shine, that you would scarce think them the same turbulent, noysom Creatures they use to be.

Luc. This *Furnish* has spoil'd my Design. But 'tis my Admiration by what Charm he could unite them so lovingly.

Pol. Oh you know not the Charms of Wine, as they can make the greatest Friends fall out, so they can reconcile the stubbornest Foes, Man and Wife.

Luc. I must set them again at Odds, or I shan't work my Intention —— I know how to do it.

Fri. Prethee let us be gone, I would not see these Hobgoblins.

Luc. No, Mr. *Friendly*, you shall bear Mr. *Fairlove* Company a while —— *Pollux*, light them into that Parlor, a while, it shall not be long e're I wait on you again.

[*Exeunt* Pollux *lighting in* Fairlove *and* Friendly.

Enter Mr. Sneak.

Sne. Madam *Lucia*, your humble Servant ——

Luc. Oh Mr. *Grin Sneak*, your Servant —— what a foot still, and in Old Cloaths? Do none of your Projects hit yet? Where stick they, Mr. *Sneak*? ——

Sne. Well Madam, we shall be happy at last —— I'm in a fair way ——

Luc. To Beggery. [*Aside*

But Mr. *Sneak*, I have met with a man, that has been this forty eight

eight years studying a rare Project, and indeed, one that will be beneficial to all Curious Persons; and especially to Travellers; and he tells me, that now at last he has attained it; and that he shall have perfected his Design by that time the Patent can be got for it.

Sne. Pray, Madam, what is this rare Invention you speak of?

Luc. Why, the Invention is extraordinary, it is a pair of Wings to fly into the Moon.

Sne. Why, that is not possible.

Luc. How unreasonable you are now, not to believe another, and yet impose as impossible things on the Faith of others? And to tell you very freely, Mr. *Sneak*, my thoughts are, 'twill be sooner effected than most of those things you dream of: For you cannot but know, that *Dedalus* and *Icarus* could fly half way to the Moon; and of several others, that could fly from high Towers, like Kites, or Eagles.

Sne. Indeed, it would be an admirable way of Travelling; I'll speak to my Lady *Medler* about the Patent.

Luc. 'Tis good to speak in time: It will be of extraordinary Benefit to you; and I hope, worth the *Vertuoso*'s while, labor and pains. He has studied all the Mathematicks, and run thorow the Philosophy of Atoms, of Weight and Gravity; weighed all sorts of Air, and lain whole days on his Back, to observe the Motions of Kites, Swallows, Doves, Batts, and Butterflies, making Comments and Observations on their several Motions; and now at last Mr. *Sneak*, this Flying Man, having brought his Wings to perfection, intends to visit the Moon shortly.

Se. Let me advise him to get a Patent before he goes, and to communicate his Art to one, least he should miscarry: For I look upon the Voyage far more dangerous than that of *Columbus*, when he went in ursuit of the other World.

Luc. As to the last, I may perhaps get him to communicate it to you: For he is almost afraid to own it after all, least he should be knock'd on the Head, by the Coachmen, Watermen and Seamen: For 'twill spoil their Trade. Besides, some have persuaded the Husband-men, that there will (if this Project goes forward) be such Clouds of Flying People in the Air, that 'twill hinder the Sun from ripening their Corn: So that he is afraid he shall be kill'd by them for the Invention; and he must be upon the Wing, out of the reach of shot, or in the Moon to secure himself.

Enter Lady Medler.

Oh here's your Friend my Lady *Medler*! I'll leave you to discourse your Affairs—— [Sneak *turns about, and pulling his Handkerchief out of his Pocket, drops a Paper, which* Lucia *takes up*—— [Exit.

La. Med. I have run all over the Town to look you out; I wonder what you do here, when you have so many grand Concerns on foot. I assure you, Mr. *Sneak*, if you will not be more quick and brisk in

in the Buſineſs, I ſhall leave you, and all your Patents together; and then ſee what you will make of 'em.

Sne. O Pray Madam, be not angry, I was engaged in a very grand Deſign, one of the beſt Projects I ever yet met with, very feaſible and extreamly beneficial, which I will communicate to your Ladyſhip.

La. Med. But Mr. *Sneak*, I have met with a Project this day, ſo extraordinary, and ſo exceeding beneficial, both to us, and to the whole Kingdom, that I hug my ſelf, to have been ſo happy as to hear the firſt Propoſition of it, from the *Vertuoſo* himſelf —— I will take you in for a Share, Mr. Sneak, we will make one another happy ——

Sne. Madam, you honour your Servant, pray what is it?

La. Med. Why, there is a perſon come to Town, that was with me this day, that propoſes to build a Fleet of Sheeps all of *Portland* Stone, to ſave the Woods which begin to grow thin, and Timber ſcarce; and he will undertake to build them ſo thick, that no Bullet ſhall pierce them. Then we ſhall have Caſtles indeed floating on the Seas, as a modern Poet ſays.

Sne. Sure that is not feaſible, which way can he do it; he muſt ſheath them all with Cork ſure?

La. Med. Nay, which way he does it, is a Secret; but he has brought it to Demonſtration already by a little one, the very Yards and Maſts are all of Stone too.

Sne. But the Tackle and Sales are not made of Stone too, I hope.

La. Med. No —— but they are not of Hemp nor Canvaſs.

Sne. What then?

La. Med. Becauſe we may not be beholden to Forreign Nations, and to promote the Growth of our own Nation, all the Sales are made of Tinn, and the Shrouds, Tackle and Cables of twiſted Wires. What need we then care for *Denmark* or *Norway*?

Sne. 'Tis admirable; and if he can but convince me by Demonſtration, I ſhall look upon it as the moſt happy thing I ever light on. I beſeech you, Madam, promote it for the Good of the Nation.

La. Med. I intend it, I aſſure you, I am this Night to give the Gentleman a meeting about it: You ſhall go with me in my Coach; and as we go, you ſhall communicate to me the happy Project you have met with this day. Come in with me, I will but ſpeak two words to Mr. *Turbulent*, and we'll go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucia *reading a Paper.*

Luc. What have I got here —— ſomething that dropt from Mr. *Sneak*; I muſt ſee what 'tis —— [*Reads*

An Account of my Eſtate in Poſſe

Very good! I ſhall ſee how rich this Gentleman is in *Poſſe*, when I'm ſure he has not any thing in *Eſſe*.

Imprimis, My Share in the Flax-Buſineſs, at 20 *l. per* Week 1000 *l.* a Year.

Item, My Concerns in my Black Box, being ſeveral Bonds, Mort-

gages, Defeasances, and Statute-Staples, worth 20000 *l.*

Item, For procuring the Patent for the Consulship of *Marseilles* 200 *l.*

Item, When the Match is made between my Lord *Muchland*'s Son, and Justice *Gripewell*'s Grand-child —— 1000 *l.*

Enter Mr. Sneak.

'Tis too long to read —— Oh, here he is come to look his Paper—— I'll see the *Summa totalis* —— 200000 *l.* a very fair Estate—— This man is fit for *Bedlam*: I must do him the kindness to send him thither with my Uncle, that he may be cur'd.

Sne. Oh Madam, I think that's the Paper I was looking for; I would not have lost it for any thing.

Luc. Why, Mr. *Sneak*, it does but let us know how rich you are ——

Sne. No Madam, how rich I am like to be —— And if Fortune does not oppose too much, I am like to be competently happy.

Luc. Here Sir— [*Gives him his Paper*] I think you are happy already, that can content your self with an Estate in *Posse*, whilst there is nothing but Air in your Pockets. I doubt, your Old Bills and Lands, and all your new Projects will come to little ——

Sne. I cannot stay now Madam, to convince you, my Lady *Medler* stays for me; or else I'd let you understand, that I do not take false measures —— Madam, your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Luc. Thou art the confidentest Projecting Fool, that ever I met with, whom neither being baffled, laughed at, gull'd and cheated, can convince; whom the Counter, Kings-Bench, Want, nor Misery, can convert, or make feasible. There is but one Refuge left for thee, and that is *Bedlam*.

Enter Pollux.

Pol. Mr. *Furnish* is come fitted to all purposes.

Luc. That's well, where's my Uncle?

Pol. Lain down to take a Nap —— he has been a sleep a good while ——

Luc. Go you to my Cousin *Furnish*, tell him, I'll be with him presently. I'll speak but two words to Mr. *Fairlove*, and I'll follow you. [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Mr. Turbulent. *with his Cap on.*

So, I have settled my Head with this Nap; my Stomach begins to crave Victuals —— I am grieved, that Mr. *Sly*, and his Wife should give such Occasion of Scandal to the Wicked ——

Enter Pollux.

Pol. Did you call Sir?——

Tur. Yes Sirrah. Where's the Mistress?

Pol. Gone to her Singing-Meeting, in *Sun-dial-Alley*.

Tur. Where is *Priscilla*?

Pol. Gone to visit one of her Brothers hard by; she said she would not stay ——

Tur. Set me the Candle, and the Box of Books: I will read till they

they return — [*Candle, and black Box ſet by him, and Table.*

So *Paul*, get me ready half a dozen Turky Eggs for my Supper —

Pol. I ſhall Sir —— I doubt you won't ſtay to eat 'em [*Exit.*

Enter Lucia *running.*

Luc. O Uncle, Uncle, we are undone for ever: For God's ſake hide your ſelf ſtreight, or you'll be taken.

Tur. (Starts up, and looks frighted) What's the matter *Lucia*— why do you fright me thus?

Luc. Fright you? why, the Parlor below is full of Souldiers, they are come to have you away to Priſon——

Tur. Oh ſad Times —— What Times do we live in, that a man cannot be quiet in his Houſe, which is his Caſtle, what have I done?

Luc. Come, no expoſtulating now— you have been letting your Tongue run at *London*, and talk'd Treaſon: They ſay too, one Mr. *Prickett* is a meer Informer, and will witneſs againſt you.

Tur. O wicked and abominable Age —— O baſe Impoſtor, Vile Varlet, Hypocrite, Wretch —— *Lucy*, what ſhall I do? —— I ſhall be undone if I'm taken ——

Enter Pollux.

Pol. Oh Sir, hide, hide your ſelf, here are I know not how many Souldiers, Red-Coats, and an Officer to ſearch for you: they are juſt coming up Stairs.

Luc. Now is your time to make uſe of your Armor. Come, come away, put your ſelf into the Poſture, and avoid being taken.

Tur. Come good *Lucy*, help me, I tremble, I know not what to do —— *Paul*, Go down and divert them a little: Say I an abroad, any thing ——

Pol. I ſhall do my endeavor —— [*Exit.*

Luc. Come, let us in quickly —— I hear 'em coming. This comes of talking againſt the Times, with thoſe you know not ——

Tur. Oh I hear them coming —— Oh, what ſhall I do? ——

[*Exeunt in a fright.*

Enter Furniſh, Hangby, *and others, with Red Coats, like Souldiers.*

Fur. Where is this Traytor —— Where is this Mr. *Turbulent*, that is troubling every Body; and ſtill railing againſt the Times? ——

Hang. As good Drinking, Whoreing, Cheating Times, as any ever were ſince the Creation ——

Enter Pollux.

Pol. So, he is gone to hide —— you have put him into a monſtrous Fright —— I find he would be no good Martyr for the Cauſe ——

Hang. Theſe troubleſome talking men are uſually great Cowards.

Fur. what have I got here, a Box of Writings? [*Takes up the black Box.*

I hope I have light on the Judgment I confeſs'd to him for 500 *l.* If it be, I am very lucky —— (*opens the Box*) Phaw — nothing but a Company of paltry Books ——

Pol. They are my Masters choicest Library, I'll assure you, and things of great Value and Esteem with him ——

Fur. Hang 'em Pamphlets —— [*Flings them by.*

Hang. Let's see 'em, a man may as well be known by the Books he converses with, as by the Company he keeps —— [*Looks them over, and reads* ——

Lilly's *Prophesies.*
Merlin's *Prophesies.*
Mother Shipton's *Prophesies.*
Dabritius *his Prophesies.*
Arise *Evans*, and the Maid of *Kent's Prophesies.*
Hannah Trapnel's *Visions.*
Theaura John, *and motive Motions, Visions.*
Sir John Wroth's *Visions.*
Prin *against Plays, Cards and Dice.*
The Holy Lives of Knipper Dolling, *and* John *of* Leyden.

Fur. Excellent Books — a rare Collection ——

Hang. Here be more — the second part to the same Tune.
Muggleton's *Aphorisms.*
The Levellers Principles.
The Quakers Doctrines.
The *Anabaptists Tenents.*
The Familie of Loves Notions.
The Ranters Religion. And
John Taylor's *Holy Balade.*

Fur. Most choice things —— No Wonder that he is mad when he studies these ——

Hang. And rail against the Times —— meddle with Government.

Fur. Perverting the Foolish, provoking the Froward, and spitting forth his Gall and Venom which he sucks from these Weeds.

Hang. Which feeds the foolish Hopes, and idle Fancies of such Lunatick Brains.

Fur. Who call every vain Dream a Prophecy, and every idle Chymical Fancy a Vision —— Good *Pollux*, fling these Books into the Fire; 'twell be a very great Inducement towards my Uncle's Cure ——

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Well, my Uncle is hid; but you may find him in the Press, in a little Room within his Chamber, he is sufficiently frighted —— He says Mr. *Prickes* is a wicked man —— You know the way Cousin *Furnish* — Fright him as much as you will; but do not touch him —

Fur. No—no— we won't hurt him —— [*Exeunt.*

Luc. Pollux. Go you to Mr. *Fairlove* and Mr. *Friendly*, and bring them to us —— *Fairlove* shall see my Uncle *Turbulent* in Disguise —

[*Exeunt severally.*

A Press discovered. *Enter* Furnish, Hangby, *Souldiers, after them* Lucia.

Fur. Where is this Traytor? —— He must be about the House — I'll leave no Corner unsearch'd ——

Luc. You see he is not here —— won't you be satisfied?

Hang. Come let's see what's in this Press — open it, where's the Key ——

Luc. There's nothing there I'll assure you but a Statue.

Fur. Open it, or wee'll break it open —— I must and will see what's in it ——

Hang. There may be Arms hid there for ought we know ——

Lucia *opens the Press, Mr.* Turbulent *discovered in it, standing bolt upright, armed* Cap a pe, *all of Brown Paper, with a Truncheon in his Hand; he stands without any Motion, imitating a Statue.*

Luc. Look you there, to satisfie you, here is nothing, but a meer Statue of my Uncle's, that was sent him for a Present.

Fur. What have we here, —— a *Jack* in a Box?

Hang. Bevis of *Southampton.*

Fur. 'Tis *John* of *Gaunt* ——

Luc. No Sir, 'tis *John* of *Leyden,* as he march'd before his Anabaptistical Army.

Enter Pollux, Mr. *Fairlove,* and *Friendly.*

Pol. Look you Sir, there stands my Master Mr. *Turbulent* in his Posture, in a Suit of Arms of his own making: Does not he look much like a General?

Fair. Prethee tell me *Friendly,* can'st forbear laughing now?

Fri. I confess this is extraordinary, and I will as soon give two pence to see this, as e'er a Monster, or strange Sight in *Bartholomew* Fair —— Is it possible this Fellow should have so little Sence in him.

Fair. How still he stands! he is fast frozen with Fear.

Fur. This is a meer *Teraphim,* and this Mr. *Turbulent* a meer Heathen Idolater —— and here he keeps his great Idol in Secret —— I shall inform of this, and have him burnt for a Pagan.——

Hang. No, no, you are mistaken, 'tis the direct Image of *Oliver*; he cannot be content to adore him in his Heart; but he sets up his Image in his Press, and in his Chamber.

Pol. Indeed Sir you are mistaken, he never low'd *Oliver* in his life, nor any Governor, nor Government —— you do him a great deal of wrong: He was then the same Mr. *Turbulent* that he is now ——

Fur. I know he is a very turbulent, troublesome fellow; but I did not think, that he, who was still railing against Images and Idolatry, should have them thus privately lock'd up in Presses, like those in *Westminster Abby*; but let it be whose Image it will, I'll shoot it.

[*Presents a Pistol, the Image shakes, and lets fall the Truncheon.*

Luc. What do you mean Sir? Oh forbear Sir, 'tis a meer Image, a very harmless Statue, Sir, what, shoot a Statue? ——Oh good Sir, by no means——

Fur. Look, look, the Statue shakes, and has let fall his Truncheon—'tis a piece of Witchcraft ——

Luc. 'Tis nothing but the shaking of the Press, that does not stand fast ——

[She

[She shuts the Press (*Aside to Mr.* Turbulent) *You had like to have spoil'd all* —— *stand still* —— *You see Gentlemen, Mr.* Turbulent *is not in the House* —— *Pray Gentlemen, now are satisfied, leave us to our selves* ——

Fur. We shall meet with him some time or other, and he shall pay dearly for all his Treasonable Speeches, and for his Idol of *John* of *Leyden* too ——

Luc. Come, you have frighted him sufficiently —— I am afraid he'll spoil his Armor behind ——

Fur. This has done me as much good as the 50 *l.* I have got of him to day —— Come *Hangby* —— [*Exeunt.* Furnish, Hangby, *and Souldiers,*

Luc. Mr. *Fairlove*, If you will walk down, I will wait on you instantly. *Pollux* and I must uncase my Uncle first, and deliver him out of the Fright we have put him in ——

Fair. He owes you much for his Deliverance.

Fri. She has made him Mr. Peacable instead of Mr. Turbulent.

Pol. Oh, he never talks in Armor —— [*Exeunt* Fairlove Friendly.

Lucia opens the Press, and Mr. *Turbulent* putting up the Visor of his Helmet, comes forth upon the Stage.

Luc. I Protest, your Fear had like t'have spoil'd all ——

Tur. (*Shaking*) Are they gone? Are you sure they are gone?

Pol. Yes Sir, they are gone, and I have shut the Doors after them ——

Tur. Oh, these are abominable Times, Oh, wicked and accursed Age —— Oh, that I should live in such Times, that a man must be afraid to speak. Wicked Varlets, they'll go and inform I am an Heathen Idolater: What if they should come again? How should I escape? O the sight of the Pistol has put me into such a Fright —— See Neece, is not my Armor spoiled behind? I have been something leaky ——

Luc. No, no, all's well —— 'Tis Proof enough against such Shot.

Pol. Shall I get your Supper ready Sir?

Tur. Oh these Rogues have frighted away my Stomach. The sight of the Devil is not so terrible to me as those Red Cloaths, with the Infernal Weapons of Muskets and Pistols —— But Neece, what shall I do if they should come again? —— I am afraid they will be here again to morrow —— Oh! I dread a Prison, and to be confined within Walls ——

Luc. There is no better way for you, than to feign your self mad *Pollux*, and I will keep your Council, and then you may say any thing, which will be an ease to your Spirit; and you may do what you will, they will then only pity you, and take all to be an effect of your Madness; and that which you said likewise to Mr. *Pricket* —— Madness you know excuses many things.

Tur. Mad say you? —— I need not counterfeit that, I am almost

mad

mad already, to see the Wickedness and Profaneness of the Age, the Vileness and Lewdness of the Times, the Filthiness and Debauchery of this City, and the Ungodliness and Irreligion of the whole Nation —— I say, I can be very easily mad; and I will be so to save my self, and to avoid being taken in the Snare of the Wicked Red-coats——

Pol. You had best make Tryal Sir, how you can deceive my Old Mistress and my Young Mistress —— if you can deceive them handsomly, then you may be confident you may deceive any body else——

Enter Doctor Quibus.

Luc. Oh Sir, here is Doctor *Quibus*, practice first upon him —— now try what you can do —— *Pol.* I'll leave you here to keep them asunder; I must go to Mr. *Fairlove* [*Exit* Lucia.

Dr. *Qui.* Vat de Debil is dis? Mr. *Turbulent* in Armor? I come to see my Patient: Is dis he in dis Case? morblew —— Vat art dow?—speak——

Tur. I am *Mars* the God of War —— I am *Mars*, I tell thee; and I will slay thee Pigmy. [*Lays hold on his Sword.*

Pol. I am afraid Sir, my Master is a little besides himself —— he does not use to talk thus.

Dr. *Qui.* Ay, de Color is got into de Brain, and has turn'd de Brain vith de hot Fumes —— He take de Physic in the Morn, he take de Caudle at de Noon, he go to de Meeting in de Afternoon, and to de Tabern at de Night; all dis is enough to make de vel man man stark mad —— He must have de Ellebore, de strong Purge of de Ellebore, and de spare Diet, and be kept dark, dat he may be cured.

Tur. Thou art an Ass Doctor, and understandest not any thing—*Mars* never eat Hellebore —— You are no Son of *Apollo*, you are not *Æsculapius*, I know him by his Beard —— Thou art an Elf, born in Fairy Land, and hast sailed hither in an Egg-shell, to poyson the Nation with Rats-bain and Dogs Turds: But I tell thee, I am *Mars*, and I will slay thee. [*Lays hold on his Sword*, Pollux *stops him.*

Dr. *Qui.* De debil go vit dee —— I will stay no longer —— de vine is in his Brain —— Go, go to de Sleep, and settle de Brain; or else to de *Bedlam*, dat is de fittest place for dee —— [*Exit.*

Tur. So, did I not do well? ——

Pol. Yes Sir admirably —— admirably well —— 'tis natural to you——

Tur. Come, help me off with my Arms —— Let us go in —— and go, and get my Eggs ready —— I am almost faint with Fasting.

Pol. But you must remember to be mad again when you see my Mistress——

Tur. I'll warrant you, let me alone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fairlove, Friendly, *and* Lucia.

Fair. Will. Friendly (like the Philosopher that never laugh'd till he saw an Ass eating Thistles, nabbing and pricking his Lips) could not chuse but smile a little, when he saw your Uncle in his posture.

Luc.

Luc. You would hardly have believ'd this, had not your eyes been Witneſſes—— I aſſure you this Suit of Armor was an Invention of his own Brain, as well as the Work of his own hands.

Fri. I confeſs, 'twas ſomething ſurprizing, and might prove Diverſion enough for thoſe that love to make themſelves ſport with the folly of others —— but I pity him——

Luc. Ne'r pity him, 'tis his Nature; and you may as well pity a Swine for grunting, or a Dog for barking—— you were no ſooner gone, and that we had releas'd him from his Fear; but he return'd to his old wont of railing againſt the Times.

Fair. 'Tis impoſſible to convert him from that

Luc. I have but one way to do it——and I'll make a Tryal of it—— Well, I'll diſmiſs you till to morrow—— and then——

Fair. I will releaſe you from your Slavery.

Fri. And with a *Habeas Corpus* remove her from one Priſon to another.

Luc. That is as it may happen.

Enter Cringe, *Singing* Fa la la la.

Fri. Away *Fairlove*—— here is the fooliſh City Poet: I had rather meet a Ghoſt, than this troubleſome Fop—— you ſhall have enough of your Miſtreſs to morrow—— [*Exit, pulling* Fairlove *with him.*

Crin. Mrs. *Lucia*, are you ſtill in the ſame mind you were in laſt time I ſaw you, hey?

Luc. Yes indeed am I Sir; and therefore let me not hear one word more either of Love or Verſes: For I hate them both, eſpecially from you.

Crin. Now did you think I would go hang or drown my ſelf, hey? —— Fa, la, la, la, ſa, la, la, la —— Now are you deceiv'd: I won't ſo much as write an Elegy on our parting, hey? ——

Luc. I care not what you do with your ſelf ſo you trouble not me.

Crin. You ſhall ſee, I know what belongs to the fathomable Love of our Times hey? —— Fa la la la —— I'll love you no longer than you love Mr. Fa la la la —— Pſhaw, 'twas only my Diverſion.

Luc. I'm glad Mr. *Cringe*, you and I ſo well agree at parting —— But are you provided of another Love? That's faſhionable too: You ought to have another Miſs or two—what ſays my Couſin *Priſcilla*?

Crin. She is not ſuch a Fool as you are; ſhe knows when ſhe is well profer'd; and look you—hey, to vex you hey—ſee I have [*pulling out Parchment*] ſcratch'd your Name out of the Licence, and put in Mrs. *Priſcilla*'s: Do you ſee that, hey? —— Fal la la, Fal la la la—— [*Exit.*

Luc. This is a pleaſant Lover—— Oh my Aunt——

Enter Mrs. Turbulent

Oh Aunt, here has befell us a moſt ſad Diſaſter ſince your went.

Mrs. Tur. Why, what's the matter?

Luc. Here have been Soulders to ſearch for my Uncle, which made him

him fly into his Brown Paper Arms, his laſt Refuge—— But what with the Fear they put him in, the Wine he has drunk at the Tavern, and his chollerick melancholly Diſtemper, as Doctor *Quibus* calls it, he is quite beſides himſelf, and out of his Wits—— The Houſe can hardly hold him.

Mrs. *Tur.* O the ſad and deplorable Times that we live in, there have not been ſuch lewd, wicked Times ſince *Adam*—— They talk of the Iron Age; I tell you this is a Flinty Age, or a meer ſtony, rocky, adamantive Age, that they cannot let a poor man be in quiet in his own houſe——O ſad—ſad—ſad Times—— Oh Neece, theſe are abominable Times, and we are governed by the *Nebuchadnezzars* and *Balſhazzars* of the Earth.

Luc. Now have I put her into a Fit of Railing: But Aunt, Doctor *Quibus* has been to ſee him, and he is ſo raging mad, that he had like to have beat the Doctor; he ſays, he's abſolutely diſtracted as any in *Bedlam*, and adviſes you, by all means, to put him in there to be cured—

Mrs. *Tur.* I can't believe it—'tis but a Fit—he'll be well again—Oh theſe Times——

Luc. What again?——Good Aunt let the Times alone, and conſider what you have to do—— Look—— [*Enter* Priſcilla. Here is my Couſin *Priſcilla*—— take her Advice.

Priſ. What is the Subject of your Diſcourſe, is it proper or common?

Mrs. *Tur.* The Subject is very proper: your Father is mad they ſay; and the Queſtion is, what ſhall we do with him? He is raging, and he will be too hot for the Houſe, and too troubleſome to us all.

Priſ. Canſt thou prove it?

Luc. Yes, without a Syllogiſm——if you go to him, he will demonſtrate it——

Priſ. He is then in an evil predicament—— for if he hath loſt his Reaſon, plainly he is a Brute.

Luc. And therefore I would have your Mother provide for him a little Chamber in the Hoſpital over the way, till his Reaſon and his Knowledge return again to him: and where proper Phyſick, and fit Dyet may be adminiſtred to him——

Priſ. 'Tis true, his Reaſon may be actually loſt for a time; but it may be ſtill in *Potentia*, and may be recovered.

Enter Mr. Cringe.

Crin. Why, what's the matter with Mr. *Turbulent* hey? He is mad ſure, hey?—— I went to him about ſome earneſt buſineſs, and he flew at me like a Dragon: If it had not been for honeſt *Paul*, he would have murthered me, hey—— what ails he? hey—— how came he ſo? hey——

Luc. He's troubled with Melancholly Mr. *Cringe*, he is in a cholerick melancholly Fit——

Crin. A cholerick fit indeed hey—I don't love to ſee ſuch cholerick Fits hey——

Luc. You are troubled with Melancholly too Mr. *Cringe*.

Crin. Who I? hah, hah, hey——who I? Fa la la la la——

Luc. Yes you Mr. *Cringe*, for all your fa la la la—— You are troubled with the laughing Melancholly, the rhiming, verſifying Melancholy, the ſinging, light airy fa la Melancholly —— Indeed you are far gone, and have need of Cure, Mr. *Cringe*, I adviſe for the beſt.

Crin. Miſtreſs *Priſcilla*, ſhe ſays, this out of mere ſpite, becauſe I have left her—— Look here, I have put you into the Licence, and I'll marry you to morrow, hey—what ſay you hey? Here's my Hand hey——

Priſ. I ſay, that this Propoſition may be in the Mode *Puerpera*, that is the poſſible Mode; or it may be *Edentuli*. the neceſſary Mode——

Crin. And I'll go ſtudy an *Epithalamium* againſt to morrow, hey—— Fa la la la la la. [*Exit.*

Luc. I adviſe you Couſin, to lay by your Modes and your Figures, and take Mr. *Cringe* while he is in in the Mood: you'll never get ſuch a Husband—— Come. I'll ſee it done to morrow my ſelf——

Mrs. *Tur.* If Mr. *Turbulent* be mad, he is under Tribulation: He is chaſtized for going to the profane Houſe called a Tavern.

Luc. You muſt now place your ſelf Aunt, at the Helm of Government in your Family, and compell my Uncle, for his own good, to enter into *Bedlam*, and to be under Confinement, and ſubject to Government, which he always abhorr'd—— O here is another of the Melancholliecks, [*Enter* Suckthumb. And the fitteſt perſon in the World to bear my Uncle Company—— 'Tis pity they ſhould be parted, this is the Eye, and my Uncle the Tongue of Sedition——

Suck. Where is Brother *Turbulent*? —— I am returned from Brother *Sly* and Siſter *Sly*, who are put into Tribulation, and are entred into the Priſon called the *Round-houſe*, ſent thither by the Earthly Juſtice, *Right-or-wrong*—— I come to condole with Brother *Turbulent* about this matter.

Mrs. *Tur.* Alas Brother *Abednego*, Mr. *Turbulent* has loſt his Reaſon.

Suck. Then he is purified—— he ought not to have any thing to do with Reaſon—— It is the Idol of the World, and the very *Babel* of the Sons of the Earth.

Priſ. Do'ſt thou ſpeak againſt Reaſon and Logic? I doubt thou art ignorant, and canſt not diſtinguiſh.

Suck. Logic is the very Language of *Babel*, and uſed by the carnal, and the profane men of the Earth.

Luc. So this is good, they are going together by the Ears about Logic and Reaſon, which they neither underſtand any more than a Gooſe or a Sea-gull.

Priſ. Thou ſpeakeſt evilly of the beſt thing in the World: It is Reaſon only that diſtinguiſhes us from Beaſts.

Suck. I ſay Reaſon is the Filth and Scum of the Carnal Brain: It is the Sut and Fume of Hell; it ought to be baniſh'd, and not made

uſe

uſe of: it is the Froth of a corrupted mind: it is the Carnal Weapon of the wicked, learned men —— And I ſay again, we ought to live above Reaſon, beyond Reaſon, and to Act againſt Reaſon, and contrary to Reaſon, and to pull down Reaſon, and to overthrow, overthrow, overthrow—— the Idol Reaſon.

Priſ. Wilt thou give me leave to reply?

Suck. Thou canſt not, ſhalt not reply, nor take the part of Reaſon—— 'Tis that which cauſes the Rulers of the Earth to impoſe Laws on us: 'tis that which cauſes the outward Worſhip, and the congregating in Stone Churches: 'tis that which cauſes the Orders and the Ceremonies, the Inſtitutions, and the Schools, and the Univerſities, and the Study, and the Books and ſubtle Queſtions and Anſwers among the men of the World—— 'Tis the very Root of all Evil, and it muſt be confounded; and if Brother *Turbulent* has loſt his Reaſon, he is become perfect.

Priſ. I muſt tell thee Friend, thou lyeſt, Reaſon ought not to be loſt, nor to be caſt down, nor confounded.

Suck. I ſay it is loſt, and ſhall be caſt down, and ſhall be confounded.

Priſ. I ſay it ſhall not, and thou art a Beaſt without thy Reaſon.

Suck. I ſay it ſhall, and thou art a very Beaſt with thy Reaſon.

Luc. This is pleaſant—— two irrational Animals, to fall out about what neither of them have—— but here comes one will end their Diſpute——

Enter Mr. Turbulent *in his Night Gown and Cap, ſtaring like a mad man, his Hands bound behind him, and led in by* Pollux.

Pol. Here they are, Mr. *Suckthumb* with 'em, now ſee if you can deceive 'em, and the Viſioneer too—— you may then deceive any body—— Now Maſter, act your part bravely——

Mr. *Tur.* I'll warrant you, let me alone to counterfeit——

Suckthumb. Brother *Turbulent*, I have now the Interpretation of the Viſion, I had at our Meeting. The Eagle on the top of the Tree, was Brother *Sly*, the Tree was the Round-houſe where he is put; and the Dragon was that Dragon-like Juſtice *Right-or-wrong*, who hath devoured him——

Mr. *Tur.* What ſayeſt thou? Didſt thou name the Dragon? hah—— art thou *Bell*? hah——

Suck. Do'ſt thou ſee a Viſion?

Mr. *Tur.* Yes I ſee thee, the Gyant *Gogmagog*, that devoureſt the People—— but I will encounter thee, and caſt thee to the Earth.

Suck. Peace, he propheſieth——

Mrs. *Tur. Tim.* I am ſorry to ſee thee diſtracted. Do'ſt thou know me thy own Wife? —— I am afraid to go near him, he ſtares ſo——

Pol. You need not fear him: See I have bound his Hands —— he can't hurt you.

Mrs. *Tur.* Why do'ſt not ſpeak to me *Tim.*? —— They were vile Varlets, to affright the out of thy Senſes——

Mr. *Tur.* Avaunt, thou art a *Succubus*, a Shee Devil; and from thy Womb proceeds the Spawn of Antichrist: Thou art the Whore of *Babylon*, and I will overthrow thee—— [*Runs towards her*, Pol. *holds him.*

Mrs. *Tur.* Oh vile and abominable man, Ay, ay, I see he is mad now, to abuse his own dear Wife.

Suck. Peace, Peace, he speaketh wonderful things and high Mysteries He is in a Rapture, Sister *Turbulent*, he meaneth not thy carnal Womb, he meaneth Spiritually —— Hearken, I pray, with Attention —— These are Mysteries —— and Raptures ——

Prif. May I put thee a plain Proposition? ——

Mrs. *Tur.* Thou art a She Crocodile, and feedest upon Croaking Frogs —— nothing but dark Fumes passeth from thy Throat, and thy words are as the sounding of empty Tubbs —— I will tear up thy Idols, and cast them into the Fire, and burn thy *Molock* Logick-Books as a Sacrifice.

Prif. Nay plainly, I see he is now distracted, he hath quite lost his Reason.

Suck. I say he speaketh great things, and they ought to be written in Brass, with a Pen of Steel —— They are high Prophesies, and the Interpretation may be given —— Call not thy Father mad —— He is become perfect, and has laid aside his Reason, the Ensign of his Carnallity.

Mr. *Tur.* Oh the roaring of the Lions, and the howling of the Wolves, the Neighing of Horses, and the beating of Drums, heark the noise of the Canons, and the dashing of Rocks together —— Heark again, the bellowing of Bulls, and the braying of Asses; there is a Battel between the Beasts of the Earth, and the Fowls of the Air.

Suck. These are wonderful things —— Oh he seeth strange Sights!

Mrs. *Tur. Tim. Tim.* thou art mad —— I will seek a Cure for thee.

Prif. Thou shalt have some Physick that thou mayest regain thy reason, which thou mayest yet have in *Potentia*.

Luc. He counterfeits bravely ——

Mr. *Tur.* Hah hah hah! Come, you are all my Friends. I did but counterfeit, to see if I could deceive you —— I must do this when the Souldiers come, that they may think I'm mad —— Did not I do it bravely? ——

Luc. Have a care Aunt —— this is but a light Interval, as most mad people have ——. Come not near him, he is spiteful ——

Mrs. *Tur.* No *Tim.* you do not use to counterfeit —— I'm sure you would not abuse your own Wife, if you had not been mad.

Prif. Dost thou own thy self a Counterfeit and a Deceiver? Nay, then we ought to shun thee. If thou art mad, we ought to run from thee, that thou mayest not hurt us: If thou art not mad, thou art then a Counterfeit and a Deceiver, and we ought not to keep thee Company. There is a *Dilemma* for thee —— thou hast brought thy self plainly into this *Dilemma*.

Mr. *Tur.* Here Wife, untie my Hands that I may beat that Baggage: I'll teach her better Manners, you Quaking, Impudent Jilflirt——

Mrs. *Tur.* I see *Tim.* you are falling again into a Fit, I see by the Roll of your Eyes——

Mr. *Tur.* O you vile woman, won't you believe me? ——

[*Offers to run at her, with-held by* Pollux.

Suck. Thou art returning into thy Rapture——

Mr. *Tur.* Rapture? You Fool, you Idiot, I tell thee I did but counterfeit——Unloose me——these wicked Women will take the Helm of Government out of my hand else——

Suck. Brother, I am sorry thou should'st say, thou didst counterfeit, that is the greatest Sign I have yet seen of thy madness—— be reconciled to thy self, and own thy Raptures.

Mr. *Tur.* I have made a fair hand on't, and counterfeited so well they won't believe me: I say, Brother unloose these Bands——

Suck. I dare not, if they were imposed on thee by the Legal Authority of thy Wife, or her Lawful Ministers: Let them be loosed by the same Authority, I shall not meddle with them; but I can suffer with thee, and will not leave thee in thy Affliction.

Tur. A company of Rogues, Whores, Varlets, I'll teach you all to abuse me thus. [*Offers in great rage to fall on them, is held by* Pollux *and* Lucy.

Luc. Away Aunt—— he's in another raging Fit, quickly, quickly away, come away—— [*Mrs.* Turbulent *and* Prif. *run out.*

Mrs. *Tur.* Nay, I see he is mad indeed now——

Prif. He hath lost his Reason——

Tur. Come Neece, undo my Hands——I have counterfeited so long, they won't believe me now——

Luc. 'Tis true indeed Uncle, you do it very naturally, now you counterfeit your self sober—— but you are mad still—— (*Whispers*) Uncle, shall I have my Portion, and marry Mr. *Fairlove?*

Tur. O I could tear you to pieces, you vile Wretch, you abominable Baggage——I'll eat thee up——but I will. Do you mock me, and sport your self with me? ——

Luc. I thought that would put him into a Rage again. So Uncle, you are fallen into another Fit.

Suck. I will not leave him, I will stay with him till his Zeal is abated.

Tur. Sirrah *Pollux*, undo my Hands that I may beat them all into their right Senses.

Luc. Well Uncle, I'll leave you, and consult with my Aunt about your Cure——Be sure you keep him fast *Pol.* [*Whispers to* Pol.

Pol. No fear——

Luc. Uncle, you had best go sleep, and settle your Brain, 'tis late—— [*Exit* Lucy.

Pol. Come Sir, she advises well: will you see if you can rest? The Chollerick Fumes trouble your Brain. *Tur.*

Tur. Sirrah leave prateing—— I'll jest no longer: untie my hands I say—— I'll make 'em know me. Do they rebell against their Head?

Pol. Indeed Sir, I dare not, Do you think I am wiser than my Old Mrs. and my young Mrs. and Mrs. *Lucy*—— I should be madder than you, if I should untie your hands —— They have order'd to the contrary.

Mr. *Tur.* They—they—they— they order?—— this is fine; Oh I will be reveng'd on them for this.

Suck. Possess your self with patience—— I will assist thee, and we will speak to Sister *Kate* once more——

Tur. Speak-patience say you? I'll after them, and tear them to pieces with my Teeth, vile, abominable, wretched, wicked, stinking, filthy Women—— [*Runs out.*

Suck. He is again fallen into a Rapture—— I will follow and see the end of these things. [*Exit.*

Pol. So —— There will be something to do among 'em.

These sort of men, your Holy Melancholicks,
Thus cheat each other with Religious Frolicks.

The End of the Fourth Act.

The Fifth Act.

The Scene *Bethlem.*

Enter Sneak, *and* Lady Medler.

La. Med. INdeed this is a fine place—— the fairest Hospital I ever saw.

Sne. Better than that of the Incurable of *Venice*; 'tis much for the Honor of the City, Madam: But did you never see it before, Madam?

La. Med. No—— nor had not now, had it not been to see my Friend Mr. *Turbulent*—— The Sight of *Bethlem*, the Tombs, and the Lions are no Recreation for Ladies of Quality.

Sne. 'Tis strange Mr. *Turbulent* should so soon become mad.

La. Med. Indeed I had some Jealousie of it the last time I saw him: For he told me I look'd Oldish. I thought indeed he was a little crack'd, to tell me I look'd Old—— out upon him——

Sne. Why Madam, is that such a Fault, Age is Honourable, and every body desirous to live till they are Old: why then should Old Age be so despicable?

La. Age is Honourable! marry come up— I say Age is not honourable—— nor you for saying so—— It is an old musty Adage; and I say Age is good for nothing, but to spoil good Faces, brisk Wits, and active Bodies; to bring Wrinkles, gray Hairs, moist Eyes, slavering Lips, Aches in the Joynts, and Gouts in the Limbs—— Age I say, is a most wicked and an abominable thing—— and to tax me with it?—

Sne.

Sne. Nay Madam, that indeed was a Crime.

La. Med. Had he call'd me Whore, or Bawd, or Cheat or ſo, it had not vex'd me half ſo much —— but poor man, he was out of his Senſes——

Enter Doctor Quibus.

Dr. *Qui.* Monſieur *Sneak*, you be velcom to de *Beslem*; here is Monſieur *Turbulent*, and Monſieur *Sucktum* come here to be cured of de Melancholick, and you be come alſo in de very good time—— you do very much vant de Ellebore.

Sne. I am well enough Doctor, I am not melancholly.

Dr. *Qui.* You be de very melancholly man in de World —— It is de melancholly dat trobles your Brain, dat makes you run here, run dere all day long, all de week, all de year, after de project, and get nothing, not one ſtraw, you'll be de true melancholly Pick-ſtraw.

Sne. Madam, this Doctor is like moſt of the World, they will not believe, till they ſee me in my Coach and ſix Horſes—— Well Doctor, I ſhall convince you ſhortly—— I will build an Hoſpital ſhall far exceed this——

Dr. *Qui.* Ay, dat is in de Brain—— dere is one of de Wind-mills dat goes vur, vur, vur—— dat is ven de project comes to perfection. I tell you Monſieur *Sneak*, vat you ſhall do vith your Money, you ſhall build tree ſuch Hoſpitals, one on each ſide of dis Squire, and den dere will be four, one for each ſort of de Melancholly: dis vil hardly hold half de melancholly Pick-ſtraws in dis Town.

Sne You are a jeering Doctor——

Enter Keeper.

La. Med. Is there not one Mr. *Turbulent* here?

Kep. Yes, he is above in the upper Gallery——

Sne. Now you are here. Madam, by all means ſee the mad folks—the Keeper will let you ſee them——

Kep. Yes, you may ſee them if you pleaſe?——

The Scene is drawn open, and diſcovers ſeveral ſorts of mad People.

Lad. Med. Do you let them walk about looſe——

Kep. Such as are harmleſs, aud that are not raving, are permitted to walk here in this Gallery.

Enter on the Stage a young Maid antickly dreſs'd, ſtaring and ſinging.

Mad maid. *Tell me prethee faithleſs ſwain,*
Tell me prethee faithleſs ſwain,
Why you did ſuch paſſion feign,
On purpoſe to deceive me?
I no ſooner lov'd again.
But you began to leave me —— Hey hoe—— Are you *Strephon*? —— No, no, you are not he, he had Garlands on his head—— (*Singing*) Oh my Love's dead, and laid in his watry Grave. Pray tell me, did you ſee *Strephon*? —— (Singing)
Tell me gentle Strephon, *why*

You

You from my Embraces fly? Oh—— there he is, there he is, ſtay, ſtay, ſtay, *Strephon*, ſtay. [*Exit running.*

La. Med. Alas poor Maid.

Kep. She is one that fell mad with Love.

Dr. *Qui.* Dis is one of de melancholly Fa la's, and Monſieur Finical *Cringe* vould do very well to keep her company, he is de madder of de two——

Walk over the Stage, one in a Gown and Cap, reading in a Book, and not looking off. [Exit.

Kep. This is a Scholar that has crack'd his Brain in reading *Ariſtotle*—— He is always poreing on a Book, but won't ſpeak in a week together.

Dr. *Qui.* Dat is one of de melancholly Dumbſads; he no talk, he noting but tink, tink, of de Philoſophy, and de ſtrange tings, till he has turned de Brain: He is de Brother to Monſieur *Sneetum*——

Enter mad man paſſing o're the Stage.

Mad man. *I'll pull down Honor from the pale-fac'd Moon,*
And break the Wheels of the all-circling Sun. [Exit.

Kep. This is a mad Poet——he ran mad with making of Verſes—— He ſpeaks them *Ex tempore* half a day together, and makes Love to all that comes near him in Rhime.

Dr. *Qui.* Dis is one of de melancholly Pick-ſtraws, dere be a great many in de ſame degree of Madneſs, dat goes about de Streets, and trobles de people vith dere Rhimes, and dere Nonſence ——

Enter mad man with many Papers in his Hand.

Mad. So, the *Marigold* from *Smirna*—— Cargo, Raiſons, Currance, Wine, Almonds, Silks, value 10000 *l.* The *James* and *John* from *Genua*, Cargo 5000 *l.*—— The *William* and *Mary*, from *Liſbon*, laden with Sugars and Wine—— Cargo 30000 *l.*——

[*Exit.*

Kep. This is a crack'd Merchant, doubly crack'd, firſt in his Eſtate, by the Loſs of a Ship or two taken by the *Dutch*, and afterwards in his Brain——but he is continually reckoning up his ſeveral Cargoes, that he fancies his Ships bring him from all parts, and ſumming up the Effects, and his Gains, he imagines himſelf the richeſt Merchant in the City of *London*.

L. Med. Alas! poor poor man——

Dr. *Qui.* 'Fait he be no poor man, he be de rich man in de Imagination: He is one of de melancholly Pick-ſtraws, and in de very ſame Degree of dis Shentilman, he tinks himſelf rich in de Project.

Enter mad man holding his Head on one ſide, and bearing off with his Hands.

Mad. Stand aſide, good Folks, ſtand aſide, leaſt I hurt you; pray give way—I'll gore you elſe.——[*Exit, making motions with his Head, and holding it on one ſide, as if to gut his Horns through the Door.*

Kep.

Keep. This is a Citizen that became Horn-mad through Jealousie: He fancies that his Horns are so bigg, that he cannot carry them in the Gallery, and that they weigh down his Head, that he is fain to carry it on one side.

Dr. Qui. Dis is one of de Hypocondraic melancholllicks.

Enter two habited like Scholars, with Caps and Gowns—— disputing——

La. Med. I think all Cuckolds are as mad as he, that would make their Invisible Horns known to to all the World—— but who are these Gentlemen?

Keep. Madam, they are two mad Critics, that when they get together, are continually disputing about the Poets, Ancient and Modern: one calls himself *Aristotle*, and the other thinks himself *Julius Scaliger.*

1 *Mad man.* I say Mr. *Aristotle*, that the Poets of our Age, have nothing of Wit in them, and all their Peieces are false Draughts—— O the wise *Sophocles*, the wise *Euripides*, the Oracles of their Age——

2 *Mad.* I say the *Boys*, and the *Ninnies* of this Age are far beyond them, and they know more than they did, and write better Sence——

1 *Mad.* I say *Aristotle* thou lyest—— The Ancient *Aristophanes*, and the witty *Menander*, were the only Persons that understood Comedy among the *Greeks*—— *Terence* had some Wit; but *Shakespear*, and *Ben. Johnson* were mere Oafs.

Enter mad Woman, pulling Sneak *by the Sleeve on one side.*

Mad Wo. Are you married? —— [*Exit.*

Sne. What means she by that? —— I believe she is in love with me—— [*Aside, brisking up himself.*

2 *Mad.* I say Mr. *Scaliger*, you are a proud, malepert and impudent Critick, to find fault with the very Inspired Priests of the Muses; and I tell you, your *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Aristophanes* and *Menander*, and all the rest of them were mere Ideots to the Poets of our Age.

Enter mad Woman, pulling Sneak *aside.*

Mad. Wo. You are not married, are you? ——

Sne. Why do you ask? —— No——

Mad Wo. Don't let the Keeper see me—— I an't mad—— I have 10000 *l.* to my Portion, and 500 *l.* a year, which a rich Uncle keeps from me in *Berkshire*, and keeps me here, and makes People believe I am mad, only to keep my Estate—— I am no more mad than you are——

Keep. Sir, pray have a care of that Woman, she is mad, and sometimes very mischievous—— How came you loose? —— Go in——

Mad Wo. You—See he won't let me tell you— but hark you— I'll marry you, if you can get me out. [*Exit.*

Sne. This was a happy coming hither. 'Tis so, the Keeper is afraid I should discover it, she speaks very rationally— This was a very lucky chance— a happy Discovery—— [*Aside.*

1 *Mad.* I say you are a dull, insipid, and ignorant Critick; and I say again, the Kings of your Poets, are no better than Punchenello's; they are ridiculous, and want Majesty.

Enter mad Wo—— [*Aside to* Mr. Sneak.

Mad. Wo. You'll marry me then, and get me out of this place?

Keep. Pray Sir have a care of her, I give you warning.

La. Med. Who is she? ——

Keep. A Stocking-mender's Daughter, that has run mad through Pride, and fancies she has 10000 *l.* to her Portion, and 500 *l.* a year, in *Berkshire*——

Dr. *Qui.* Do not disturb dem, dey are de fittest to talk togeder dat I know: She hate de long Vorm in her Brain, and he hate de great Maggot in his: She fancies, she hate de 10000 *l.* and he imagines, he hate de 100000 *l.* ven he has noting. Which is de madder den?

Mad Wo. Be sure you keep my Council—— [*Exit.*

Sne. And I will, and marry thee too, and get thy Estate —— hah this is a lucky hit —— I'll deal well enough with her Uncle, by the help of my Lady *Medler*——

2 *Mad.* Thou art a very venemous, wicked and reproachful Critick.

1 *Mad.* Thou art a scurrilous, surly, chymical Critick,

1 *Mad.* Thou art—— [*Lifting up their Fists.*

2 *Mad.* And thou art——

Keep. Hold, I'll end your Quarrel — I am so troubled with these mad Criticks, when they meet together: They always dispute till they fall together by the Ears.

[*Parts them, and turns them out severally.*

Dr. *Qui.* Dere be many of dese Greek Wits about dis Town, dat deserve a place in dis Hospital; dey do noting but find de fault, and pick de hole in de Coat of de Poet, and de Wits: dey see de motes in de Sun, and de spots in de Moon, and de Stars: dey find de fault in de Lines, in de Verse, in de Vords, in de Plays, vitout de Sence, or de Vit, or de Reason—— Begar dey be all mad, and fit for de *Betlem*——

Sne. Madam I am very happy to day—— I have made a most rare Discovery—— I'll tell you anon, you must assist me in it—— you shall have a Share Madam—— I would not for a thousand pound but I had come here to day——

La. Med. I am glad of the good Fortune——

Enter out of his Cell a mad Man Chain'd, shaking his Chains, and roaring——

Mad. Pull down the Stars—— hah, blow *Boreas* blow, make the Seas meet, dash Rocks together, and put out the Sight of the Sun.

La. Med. I'm afraid of him——

Keep. You need not, he is fast chain'd.

Mad. Cerberus, dost thou howl *Cerberus*? I'll cut off thy three Necks, and boyl 'em for that Lady's Supper—— Avaunt, thou she Fury:

Fury; I'll leap thee elſe like an *Incubus* —— Tear 'em, tear 'em tear 'em—— [*Rattling his Chains.*

Keep. Go, get you in—— This is a frantick, outragious mad man. [*Exit mad man into his Cell.*

Dr. *Qui.* Dis is one of de coloric Melancholllicks, dat is full of de rage, and de raving Fits, and is not as de Lunaticks, vith de lucid Intervals: Dis ſort, and de hot Brain, like de vild Fire—— Here be all de ſorts of de mad men, and de melancholllicks in de Varld, and here dey take de Phyſick, and have de Cure for deir Malady and Diſtemper in de Brain.

Enter mad man.

Mad. And now I am come to the nine and fortieth point, the downfal of the Whore of *Babylon.* Mark me, the Judgments of the terrible Approach of the falling into nothing, of the polluted and ſinful World, ſhall be turned and converted to Confuſion and Diſtreſs; and then, you ſhall behold the Crowns of the Earth, be tumbled on Heaps, and the Seas, and the Moon, ſhall vaniſh into Vapor— but then—— [*Exit.*

Keep. This is a Fifth Monarchy Preacher, who employs himſelf this way all day long.

Dr. *Qui.* He ſpeaks as ſoberly as moſt of dem, and as muſh Sence.

Enter mad Woman again, pulling Sneak *aſide.*

Mad Wo. Let me tell you another Secret—— You will marry me?——

Sne. Yes—yes—and get you out; but take no notice then,

Mad Wo. Heark you in your Ear. [*She whiſpers in his Ear.*

Keep. Pray have a care Sir, of that Woman——

Sne. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. [*Cries out ſhe bites him by the Ear.*

La. Med. O Lord, Mr. *Sneak*, what all you?——

Keep. I told you what would come of it— [Keeper *runs and takes her off, and turns out the mad Woman, who* Exit *laughing.*

La. Med. I think Mr. *Sneak*, you were madder than ſhe, to truſt your Ear in her mouth.

Keep. Is this Mr. *Grin Sneak* the Projector?——

La. Med. Yes, this is Mr. *Grin. Sneak*——poor Gentleman. [*Looking at his Ear.*

Keep. Oh Sir, I have an Order here to provide for you—— I am glad you are come. [*Pulling out a Paper.*

Sne. What mean you Sir?

Keep. Only to carry you to your Companions, till I provide a Chamber for you—— I have your Name here, Mr. *Timothy Turbulent*, Mr. *Abednego Suckthumb*, and Mr. *Grin Sneak*. [*Whiſtles.*

Enter two men.

Here, carry this mad Gentleman to Mr. *Turbulent.*

Sne. What do you mean?—— I an't mad——

La. Mad. Sure he is not mad——

Keep. Here is Dr. *Quibus*, that receives a Penſion from the Houſe, and aſſiſts in the Cure of the mad Folks: He knows ſure, better than you Madam, who is mad, and who is not —— I have his Hand for it, and an Order to provide for him.

Dr. *Qui*, He is de very mad man in de World, I aſſure you.

Sne. The Doctor underſtands nothing, I tell you I am not mad and I won't go with you.

Keep. There is none of all theſe mad men that are here, but will ſay as much as you do; they do not think themſelves mad no more than you do.

Dr. *Qui.* He vere not mad if he did not tink himſelf ſo——

Keep. Have him away, I ſay —— away with him. [*Exeunt carrying out* Sneak *between them, Keeper, men and* Sneak.

La. Mad. Alas! poor man —— I'll go after him ——

Dr. *Qui.* I'll vait on you Madam —— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fairlove, Friendly, Cringe, Lucia, Priſcilla.

Fri. Now do I think this the fitteſt place in the World to conclude a Wedding in: For ſince you have been ſo mad as to put on the Fetters of Marriage, this Hoſpital is fitteſt for your Entertainment. I have ſeen you ſo mad, as to be married; but I deſpair of ſeeing your Cure —— I doubt your Frenzy is for Life.

Luc. It has coſt me ſome pains and ſtudy, to get my Uncle *Turbulent* hither; and now I have made ſure of Mr. *Fairlove*, and my Portion, I care not how ſoon he is releas'd.

Fair. Let him be cur'd firſt of his Turbulency. I doubt, all the Phyſick in *London* will hardly change his Nature — He feeds upon Choler, and he chews Galls and Bitterneſs, as if they were Eringo's or Marchpane.

Fri. I think this Hoſpital is the fitteſt place in the World for all thoſe ſort of People; and if I were rich enough, I would add to its Revenue: For it is a great deal of pity, that theſe kind of mad men ſhould walk about the Streets as they do.

Luc. Why Mr. *Cringe* —— What are you muſing? —— You are melancholly.

Cringe. Who I? Fa la la la —— I was only meditating upon an *Epithalamium*, which I intend to ſpeak my ſelf to my Bride at night; hey —— hey ——

Priſ. Trouble not thy Head with vain Songs; plainly, they will be diſagreeing to me, and Mr. *Goyle* told me, Poetry was an unſanctified Vocation, and that all Poets and Players were hang'd up by the Tongues in Hell ——

Crin. Mr. *Goyle* is a Lyar hey — for ſlandering the Poets hey —— Thoſe were only the little bawdy, rhiming, lampooning Poets; not thoſe that make *Heroicks* hey —— I tell you, you ſhall hear my *Epithalamium* hey ——

Enter Mrs. Turbulent *and* Pollux.

Mrs. *Tur.* Do'ſt thou ſay, my *Priſcilla* is married to that vile rhiming Fellow *Cringe*? —— *Pol.*

Pol. Yes forſooth——

Mrs. *Tur.* And has my Neece married Mr. *Fairlove*, and got her Portion out of the *Chamberlan's* Hands?

Pol. Yes indeed, 'tis ſure enough —— look you here, they are together.

Mrs. *Tur.* Well—— 'tis well my poor Husband is already diſtracted, elſe I'm ſure, this very News would make him mad.

Luc. Mr. *Cringe*, Speak—— ſpeak to her—— go——

Crin. We have committed Matrimony forſooth Mother—— Look you, I have taken Mrs. *Priſcilla* for better and for worſe, hey——

Mrs. *Tur.* You have taken her without my Conſent, Mr. *Cringe*, and conſequently without any Portion ——

Cringe. 'Tis no matter for that hey: I know how to go to Law hey—— I married your Daughter upon a lawful Conſideration hey, and I ſhall force you hey——

Mrs. *Tur.* Force me, force me? you impudent Ballad-maker: will you force me —— Oh what Times do we live in! Force me——

Luc. Aunt, I'm afraid they'll think you mad as well as my Uncle. It is not good to be loud in this place, leaſt they provide a Chamber for you.

Fair. I have taken care of your Neece, and taken her off your hands —— I aſſure you, ſhe ſhall not trouble you any longer. I am now become her Guardian.

Mrs. *Tur.* In good time—— Well Miſtreſs, I ſhall ſee you ſhortly live like thoſe at the other end of the Town; you in one Houſe, and your Husband in another: You with your Gallant, and he with his Miſtreſs, as they call 'em—— You could not be contented with a good, honeſt, civil Shop-keeper.

Luc. I have done you no hurt I hope, to beſtow the honeſt Shopkeeper you had provided for me upon your own Daughter.

Cringe. Come mother, you ſhan't be angry hey, you ſhall get us a Sack Poſſet hey, and we will dance and be merry hey —— Come away—— let us go ſee my mad Father, hey——

Mrs. *Tur.* I doubt this News will make him ten times madder—— *Paul*, ſhew me the way to your Maſter.

Enter Mr. Sly, *and Mrs.* Sly.

Sly. Where is Brother *Turbulent*? we are come to ſee him in Tribulation, and to aſſiſt him with a word of Comfort.

Mr. *Sly.* I fear Brother *Turbulent* is fallen away from his Principles, being ſeduced by his Nephew *Furniſh*; and now he ſuffers for his Backſliding,

Mrs. *Tur.* Are you freed from the Oppreſſion of the *Ægyptian* Dragon *Right-or-wrong*. How got you forth of the paw of the Bear?

Mrs. *Sly.* We were delivered.

Fri. What Canting is this?

Fair. This is the Language of the Saints.

Pol.

Pol. None of the Languages of *Babel.*

Luc. How came you reconciled?

Mr. *Sly.* We have forgiven each other, leaſt the wicked and Reprobate ſhould reproach us for our Failings; and leaſt we ſhould become a Scandal, and a Stumbling Block to the Godly.

Mrs. *Sly.* Mr. *Furniſh* is a vile, and an abominable man. Oh 'tis a wicked and unregenerate Age.

Mr. *Sly.* Where Vice reigns triumphant, and runs down like a Stream——

Luc. Let us be gone, they are falling again into their Old Fits—— The Round-houſe has not cured 'em.

Mrs. *Tur.* I am going to ſee *Tim.*

Mrs. Sly. We will go with you—— my Bowels yearn, I am full of Compaſſion.

Fair. Pollux——haſt thou beſpoke a Dinner over the way at the *Popes Head*——

Pol. All things are ready for you—— and I have beſpoke the Fiddlers: They will be here inſtantly, to play you to Dinner——

Fair. And we'll have one mad friſk among the mad Folks.

Crin. I like that Fa la la la—— [*Exeunt.*

The Scene draws, and diſcovers Mr. Turbulent, Suckthumb, *and* Sneak *ſitting together.*

Mr. *Tur.* They are a company of Rogues, Varlets, Cheats, Trapanners, Villains, to make me mad, and to feed me with Bread and Porridge—— Theſe are *Babylonian* days—— Oh the Oppreſſion of *Pharoah*, and the Tyranny of *Dyoniſius.*

Suck. Bear thy Tribulation with Patience, and be in the Meekneſs—We ſhall be delivered.

Sne. I have a Friend at Court that will ſoon releaſe me; and I will inform of the Abuſe.

Tur. I deſpiſe the Court, I hate the Court, 'tis a vile Abomination, and ſtinks of Prophaneneſs. Oh name not the Court, I cannot endure the ſound of it in my Ears.

Suck. Thou ſpeakeſt well, hold faſt to thy Principles, and thou ſhalt be delivered from the paw of the Lion.

Sne. I begin to doubt theſe two are mad—— But I am not yet convinc'd, but the Woman as bit me by the Ear was ſober—— She did it, that they might not ſuſpect our Plot——'twas ſo.

Enter Dr. Quibus *and Lady* Medler.

Dr. *Qui.* Here be de tree mad ſokes, de ſeveral ſorts of de melanchollicks; dey make de very good Harmony.

La. Med. I am ſorry to ſee you here Mr. *Turbulent*; but they ſay, there is no better place in the World to get Cure—— You have ſtudied too hard I doubt Mr. *Turbulent.*

Tur. Do you come to jeer and mock me too? Are you one of the Reprobates? Ay, ay, you glory and fawn on the Evil Times——

you

you are a very unſanctified Hypocrite, that you are — Pray be gone and meddle not with us.

La. Med. Alas! poor man, I now ſee he is diſtracted.

Tur. I ſee you are an old medling Fool——

L. Med. Old Fool! Old Fool! Thou art a diſtracted Aſs, a mad, hair-brain'd, raving Coxcomb. Old Fool——

Tur. Yes, thou art wrinkled in Iniquity, and grown hoary with Evil. Foh, thou ſmelleſt of the other end of the Town, and art combined againſt me.

L. Med. He is raving, ſtark mad —— 'Tis well he is here, I could not have believ'd it, had not my Eyes ſeen it, and my Ears heard his madneſs.

Mr. *Sneak*, how is it with you?

Sne. I was thinking of the Woman that bit me by the Ear —— I tell you ſhe is a great Heireſs.

L. Med. Well Mr. *Sneak*, I always took you to be a little craz'd; but now I find you are mad; and that nothing but good Diet and Phyſick will cure you.

Dr. *Qui.* Madam, de talk is very naught for de mad Folks; me vil give dem de Pill of de Ellebore; and you ſall ſee in de tree, or de fore days, dey vil be very much amended—Let dem tink, let dem tink.

Enter Fairlove, Friendly, Cringe, Pollux, *Mrs.* Turbulent, Priſcilla, Keeper, Mr. Sly, *and Mrs.* Sly.

Kep. Here are thoſe you enquire for, I ſhall provide them Chambers apart: For madneſs, like other Diſeaſes, is infectious; and they will hurt one another——

Mrs. *Tur. Tim.*——How is it *Tim.*——Do'ſt thou know me *Tim?* thy own dear wife *Tim.*

Tur. I know you for a Harlot, a conſpiring Harlot, a wicked ſhe Devil, to bring me here to *Bedlam*—— But I'll tear thy Eyes out——

Mrs. *Tur.* Alas! he is raving. Good Doctor *Quibus*, will you do your Endeavor. Do you think he will ever be his own man again?

Dr. *Qui.* Do not fear: me vill give him de excellent Pill in de Varld: For de Cholerick melancholly; but he no eat de Cauſle, nor de Turky Eggs; he no cram, cram, cram.

Tur. You are a Rogue, Doctor, and would ſtarve me here——

Mrs. *Tur.* He knows what is beſt for you *Tim*—— but here is your Daughter *Priſ.* and your Neece come, to ſee you: do you know 'em *Tim*—— They have committed Matrimony, and provided for themſelves.

Tur. Matrimony! Why, who are they are married to? ——

Luc. Why Sir, you not being *compos mentis*, I have made bold to chuſe me another Guardian, Mr. *Fairlove* here— I am his now—

Tur. 'Tis well I am in *Bedlam*——I find I am mad now—— wicked, abominable Varlet——you ſhan't have a penny of Portion.

Luc.

Luc. I have ſecur'd that already Sir, you know the Clauſe in the Will—— You are not *compos mentis*.

Tur. You are a cheating Harlotry—— I'll make you rue it——

Luc. I have got only my own, which you would have cheated me of——

Tur. And who are you married to? [*To Priſ.*

Priſ. Thy Rationallity is departed—— and thou canſt not underſtand.

Crit. I an't aſham'd to own my *Priſcilla* hey—— I married her to ſpite Mrs. *Lucy*—— Shee agrees better with my Temper, hey—— We ſhall do well enough if ſhe will like Verſes, hey——

Tur. O vile diſobedient Wretch, marry a Poet, a maker of profane Verſes, a Lover of Songs and tinkling Inſtruments, a wicked, abominable, wretched, vile, profane adultrous——

Luc. Hold—— ſtop his mouth—— he will loſe his Breath elſe—— This Poet, and maker of profane Verſes, Uncle, you thought good enough for me—— why are you ſo angry?——

Tur. Away——away—— vile, abominable, conſpiring Cheats—— Inſtruments of Satan—— get you together, go, begon—— the mad people are much better Company: You are full of Defilement, Sin, Pollution, and Abomination, away, begon.

Sly. I am glad that in the midſt of thy Madneſs, thou holdeſt faſt to the Truth. Brother *Turbulent*, be comforted, and gird up thy Loyns, I hope thou wilt recover this delirious Fit; and that we ſhall again meet with a breathing forth, for the ſtrengthening and edifying one another.

Tur. Go, get you together, I ſay I am not mad; but you are all a company of Fools and Cheats: This Uſage will cure me, and let me ſee my ſelf.

Mrs. *Sly.* Let us depart, Brother *Turbulent* is diſturbed; I doubt the Fumes of the unſanctified Wine are not yet out of his Head—— Let him have reſt.

Tur. Go, go, take your turn in *Moorefields*, with your black Patches, and yellow Hood, the marks of the Beaſt——

Sly. Do not ſcandalize my Chicken—— I'll take the Law of you.

Mrs. *Sly.* Oh abominable, profane and reproachful mad man—— I'll leave thee and thy madneſs together.

Pol. So—— ſo—— the Brethers and the Siſters are falling to pieces.

Mrs. *Tur.* Well *Tim.* I hope to ſee thee reſtored again to thy right Sences—— Dr. *Quibus* will take care of you.

Tur. Will you leave me here then?

Dr. *Qui.* Dis is de beſt place for you in de Varld Mr. *Turbulent*; here you may be turbulent, and rail at the Times, at de Government, at de Governors: Here you may ſpeak de Treaſon all de day

day long, vitout de danger of de Prison, or of de Punishment.

Pol. But Master, they will not feed you wel I doubt.

Tur. Rogue, Sirrah, Jack, Varlet, Raskal, Devil, do you prate? —

Pol. What a many of Christian Names have I? Well Master, fare you well, I have provided my self of another Master here, Mr. *Fairlove*; but you first left me, and got a new Habitation.

Tur. Let me go to my own House I say—— you will starve me here—— you Doctor Devil.

Dr. *Qui.* Nay, dou shall have de Porridge in de Voden Dish; dou shall have de boil'd Mutton, and de Bred, and de Beer, and de Pill of de Ellebore now, tree times de Week——

Crin. Father *Turbulent*, fare you well, hey —— We will talk of your Daughter's Portion hereafter, hey—— Fa la la la la——

Dr. *Qui.* Dis de great pity Monsieur *Cringe* is not in de *Betlem* too—— He very mush vants de Cure: he is mush trobled in de head vit de fa la——

Fri. Oh let him alone, Doctor, he has got a worse *Bedlam* behalf: His new married Wife will soon cure his fa la—— you shall see

Dr. *Qui.* Dey be bote mad.

Fair. And will help to cure one another——

Sneak. I will shut my Eyes against the Vanities of the Earth, and will stop my Ears, that I may not hear the abominable Noise of the musical Instruments: For this is a time of Tribulation——

[*Pulling his Hat over his Eyes, and stopping his Ears.*

A Noise of Fidles.

Sne. I will continue here willingly—— I shall get the Opportunity of meeting with the Heiress that is in Love with me—— I shall get her, and that will be worth my Stay—— Let them see who is mad then——

Fair. Oh I hear the Fiddles, they are coming—— we will have one Dance among the mad Folks.

Lue. But first, shut up my Uncle, he will be stark mad indeed else——

Tur. Oh the wicked, abominable, riotous Age, Oh the noysom Fiddles, the Provocatives to Lightness and Skipping together, like the Goats, frisking with their Tails of Wantonness—Fire Sword Plague, Pestilence, Riot, Luxury, Chambering, Hell, Confusion, Blood, Tempest, Storm, Thunder, Lightning, Hail and Hail-stones, fall on your——

[*The Scene shuts in* Turbulent, Suckthumb *and* Sneak.

Lue. So—so—— I thought the Noise of the Fiddles would make him stark mad——

Sly. Let us be gone from the Carnal Noise of these lewd Instruments.

Mrs. *Sly.* We will return to our Vocation—— Oh the abominable Wickedness of this riotous Age.

[*Exeunt Mr.* Sly, *and Mrs.* Sly.

Luc. So, we are rid of our Anabaptists.

Cringe. They would spoil our Sport, hey—— they are not fit Company for us, hey——

Pris. Plainly, these are the Carnal Instruments of Vanity.——

Cringe. Don't speak against 'em, hey—— We will have a Dance, hey—— Come, come, come, and you shall dance too, hey——

Pris. I will yield to thy Frailty.

Enter Hangby.

Luc. Where is my Cousin *Furnish?* We want him to make one here.

Hang. 'Faith Madam, it has been a fatal Morning with Mr. *Furnish*—— He is under Tribulation.

L. Med. Where is he? what ails he?

Hang. Alas poor man! Intending to come hither, a Brace of Sergeants, or Devils, which you will, snap'd him upon an Execution, and has carried him to the Couch and Horses in *Woodstreet*; From thence Madam, I am come to be his Solicitor to you, that you may redeem him this time, or he is utterly lost.

La. Med. Let him go to the Devil if he will—— he ows me too much already——

Frien. 'Faith Madam, that's unkind, I will speak one good word for the Gentleman, though I'm a Stranger to him; because he is so necessary an Evil the Commonwealth cannot be without. If it were not for such as he, Fools having the Favor of Fortune, would not know what to do with their Money. 'Tis they get Riches, and such as he ease them of the Burthen. They do but dispend their money for them, and set it into motion.

Luc. Nay Madam, help him this once, I'll joyn with you—— he shall never suffer on my Wedding day.

La. Med. Well, tell him, he shall have the money sent him anon——, I'll make the Rogue pay me for't——

[*Aside.*

Hang. Thank you Madam—— So, I think it was well he was arrested—— He always comes off with flying Colors——

Cringe. Come, you spoil our Sport, hey—— Leave your Whispers and your Business till another time, hey—— Fa la la la——; Come Fiddles, strike up——

Fair. Come now, let us go over to the *Pope's Head*; you shall all be my Guests to day; and there Mr. *Cringe* shall have his Belly full of Dancing.

Frin. I never was at a Wedding in *Bedlam* before.

Fair. *Fanaticks here may safely have their Frollicks.*
The World's Great Bethlem, *most mix Melancholicks.*

[Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.